The Nation

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Summary of the News

The past week has been singularly devoid of important political developments bearing on the war. It has been established that Count Bernstorff's memorandum in regard to American neutrality, on which we commented last week, was published, as had already been supposed, without the consent or knowledge of the State Department. Comment on the memorandum in Germany appears to have been restrained, but the Hamburg *Nachrichten,* one of the few German papers whose comments have reached this country, declares that "our Foreign Office has now found the right language against France, against England, and, without any sort of consideration, against the United States too. . . . It is time that a strong word went to Washington." No indication as to what will be the nature of the Government's reply to the memorandum has, as we write, been given.

The name of the Pope has been mentioned in connection with the negotiations between Austria and Italy, it having been suggested that any territory that the former might agree to cede should be turned over to the Vatican to await final cession to Italy at the end of the war. Such wild rumors, it is hardly necessary to state, are entirely unworthy of serious consideration. The present state of the negotiations between Rome and Vienna remains a matter of pure speculation. Reports have been recurrent during the past few days that they have been broken off entirely, and dispatches tell us that in London the situation between the two countries is watched with even more than usual alertness, the reason being that, were Italy to enter the war, one of the few remaining sources through which supplies in considerable quantities still reach the Teutonic Allies would be cut off. Other reports again from Rome, even more vague, profess to foresee conclusion of a general peace in Europe in the near future.

Concerning Bulgaria, again, only rumor is to be recorded. The correspondent of the London *Times* at Sofia, under date of April 14, records a growing impression that a change in the policy of the country is impending—which, in his view, means participation in the war on the side of the Allies—and professes to see a reconstruction of the Cabinet foreshadowed in the reception by the King of M. Malinoff and M. Gueshoff.

A partial exception to the general statement that the week has been politically uneventful must be made in favor of the letter written by Herr Dernburg which was read on Saturday at a pro-German meeting at Portland, Me., and published in the papers of Sunday morning. In our editorial columns will be found an analysis of this rather remarkable document, in which Herr Dernburg, in his capacity as a semi-official walking delegate of the Kaiser, sets forth the terms of peace which might be acceptable to Germany. Both here and in the Allied countries the letter is regarded as significant as an unofficial "feeler" designed to discover how the land lies with regard to proposals for peace.

A strike and lockout in the building trade in Chicago last week has thrown 125,000 men out of employment and has involved operations estimated at $30,000,000.

It is announced that earnings in tolls of the Panama Canal up to April 1 were $2,894,300. The total cost of operation and maintenance during the same period was $3,020,000.

The libel action in which William Barnes sues ex-President Roosevelt for $50,000 damages was called for trial on Monday in Syracuse, N. Y.

On the calling of the injunction case of the Riggs National Bank against the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on April 16, a postponement was asked by Louis D. Brandeis, special counsel for the Department of Justice.

An indication of the return of confidence in Wall Street was afforded last week in the sale of a seat on the Stock Exchange for $59,000, and an unsuccessful bid for a seat on the same day of $60,000. Earlier in the week a seat had sold for $50,000, and three weeks previously the quoted price was $40,000.

A promising, but, as it proved, somewhat premature, Japanese scare started last week when rumors spread that Japanese vessels of war were using Turtle Bay, in Lower California, as a naval base. Investigation showed that the Japanese activity consisted merely of operations for salvaging the cruiser Asama, which went aground in Turtle Bay on December 14 last.

Secretary of State Bryan announced on April 14 that arrangements had been concluded with the British Government whereby two shipments of dye-stuffs might be made from Germany to the United States without interference by British warships. These shipments were contracted and paid for before the Order in Council became operative by the delivery into Germany of two ship-loads of cotton sent from America.

The presence in New York during the past week of Gen. Huerta was the first item of Mexican intelligence for a long time that could be recorded with a safe assumption of its accuracy. In Mexico itself, according to dispatches of the past two weeks, the forces of Villa and Carranza have met victory and defeat on alternate days. More light, however, was thrown on the situation by the publication on Tuesday of a dispatch from George C. Carothers to the State Department confirming reports that Villa had been severely defeated at Celaya.

In a British White Paper issued on April 15, announcement was made that the Government had offered a "full and ample apology" to the Chilian Government for the sinking of the German cruiser Dresden in Chilian territorial waters on March 14. The questions of whether the Dresden had accepted the internment ordered by the Chilian Government at the time and whether at Juan Fernandez Island there was any means of enforcing the order for internment are expressly excluded from the British note, the British Government stating that they "do not wish to qualify the apology that they now present to the Chilian Government."

According to an announcement made in the House of Commons on April 15, the total of British casualties in the war from the beginning of hostilities up to April 11 was 139,347.

Premier Asquith announced in the House of Commons on April 15 the composition of the committee that has been selected to organize and hasten the supply of munitions of war. Mr. Lloyd George is chairman of the committee, and among the members are the former Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and the Labor member, Mr. Arthur Henderson.

A renewal of the activities of German submarines is prophesied for the immediate future, and it is probable that the prophecy is correct, since for two weeks now there has been a noticeable relaxation of their efforts, due presumably to their having returned to their bases. Since we wrote last week only four vessels have been sunk. On the other hand, it is to be admitted that in their choice of victims the submarines have displayed a fine catholicity, having torpedoed a British, a Swedish, a Dutch, and a Greek vessel. The Dutch vessel was the steamship Katwyk, from Baltimore to Rotterdam, with a cargo of corn consigned to the Netherlands Government. When torpedoed she was at anchor seven miles west of the North Hinder lightship in the North Sea. The crew escaped in the boats with difficulty. Considerable indignation was manifested over the affair in the Dutch papers, and there were even hints of the possibility of war, but the excitement has been allayed by the calm attitude of the Government and by the prompt issue on the part of Germany of a semi-official note declaring that an investigation of the circumstances of the sinking has been begun. The amount of success which the submarine "blockade" has achieved against British shipping may be gauged by the fact that on April 16 the Board of Trade announced that it had decided to cut down by 50 per cent. the premiums charged for insuring officers and men of the mercantile marine.

The deaths of the week include: Rev. Dr. Daniel Seelye Gregory, Volney Streamer, Carl Hauser, April 14; Edward McHugh, Col. John Wainwright, ex-Gov. Urban A. Woodbury, April 15; ex-Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, April 16; Samuel H. Kissam, Gen. Charles Louis Tremeau, Richard Lydekker, Field-Marshal Oskar von Lindequist, Justice Joseph A. Burr, April 18; Baron Herbert de Reuter, Sir Thomas Smith Clouston, Col. Samuel W. Dunning, April 19; William G. C. Gladstone (in France).

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The Week

Any speculation as to the probable duration of the war which leaves psychology out of account omits a factor of cardinal importance. When, or if, the stage is reached at which all hope of victory is abandoned by one side, and nothing better than a stalemate can be hoped for at best, discontent over the terrific burden to be borne by the nation, not only during but also after the war, is bound to play a dominating part in determining the course of its Government. In this light, the following extract from a recent article in the *Boersen-Halle*, the official organ of the German Stock Exchange, is of great significance:

> The expenditure to cover the war loans, the maintenance of the invalids and the survivors of the killed, at the very least will require two milliard marks ($500,000,000) yearly. The damage to our national fortune is at present incalculable, and we are still a very long way from the end.
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> It ought not to be forgotten that the German workman who joined the colors in August with enthusiasm will not look on the situation created during his absence with the same enthusiasm when once he returns to his employment, finding wages decreasing and cost of living increasing, while in all directions he will be compelled to assume his share of the unavoidable heavy taxes.

If language of this kind was used in such a journal in March, what may we expect from the business world in Germany at the end of the spring campaign, if that shall have proved disastrous? And how loud may be the mutterings among the people themselves, especially among that large proportion of them which is included in the ranks of the Social Democrats?

Sir John French's report partly confirms and partly contradicts the rumors prevalent in England regarding British mistakes in the battle of Neuve Chapelle. The story of British troops coming under the fire of their own guns seems to be true to this extent, that in the house-to-house fighting in Neuve Chapelle, the positions held by the Germans and those won by the British were so close together that it was impossible for the British artillery behind the fighting line to discriminate accurately. But this situation was not the result of error. The mistake Sir John French dwells upon consisted in the delay in bringing up reserves by the commander of the Fourth Corps, as a result of which part of the British line was held up by the German wire entanglements and exposed to heavy loss. Partly, the very speed with which the British attack was carried out would account for the severe losses incurred. The regular thing in trench warfare is to advance perhaps fifty yards and then to "consolidate our position." At Neuve Chapelle the rush of the British troops carried them forward something like a mile, and the necessary readjustment was correspondingly difficult. There have been stories in circulation regarding the heavy loss of officers brought about by the necessity of constant reconnoitring among the orchards, farmhouses, and brickyards of that part of the country.

Artillery won the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and artillery exacted the heavy price paid for victory by the British. First the British guns ploughed up the German advance trenches, shattered the barbed wire, and prepared the way for the infantry charge. Then the British guns were trained beyond the trenches, so that a "curtain of fire" was drawn between the German trenches and their supports in the rear, cutting off reinforcements. German shrapnel, in turn, cutting down like a huge razor behind the advanced British lines, severed telephone wires and impeded ready communication, and so made it difficult for the British gunners to be accurately guided in accordance with the rapidly shifting positions. If British troops were hit by their own guns, it was not error, but simply the fortune of war. The British losses were about 2,500 dead, to something over 10,000 wounded and missing, thus upholding to a remarkable degree the ratio of 1 to 4 between killed and lesser casualties. Sir John French asserts that there were 12,000 German wounded and 1,700 German prisoners. The same ratio would put the German dead at about 3,500 and make their total losses between 17,000 and 18,000, which was the estimate first made from British sources. More than 30,000 casualties for the gain of perhaps two square miles of terrain measures the cost of present-day warfare.

Ex-President Taft's Harrisburg speech on the waste of national funds was made with the conviction that grows out of long experience. He knows for how much neglect of overhead charges in some departments is responsible, "for I ran the Panama Railway when I was Secretary of War, and the steamers that ran down there." He paid due attention to the want of central responsibility for Federal appropriations, and of a budget system. But his remarks on the iniquity of our pork-barrel legislation were especially notable in that, without exculpating the legislators, he laid the chief blame on the public. "The people themselves in their districts," with their demand for impressive public buildings and huge public improvements, "are responsible for this." The correction of such legislation may largely depend, as the ex-President says, upon charging our Burtons and others with looking after matters "as a whole and for the benefit of all the people." But in even larger degree it will depend upon driving home to the people their real responsibility by just such preaching, as Mr. Taft can so effectively do, and upon impressing on them that waste is a serious and growing national danger.

The Supreme Court's decision in the Frank case, representing the judgment of seven of its members, dismisses the appeal on the ground that, under the laws of Georgia, the trial was fair. Justices Holmes and Hughes, dissenting, favored the granting of the appeal because in their judgment the facts were of such a nature as to authorize the Court to interfere, in pursuance of the Federal guarantee of due process of law. It is now useless to inquire whether the judgment of the seven or of the two was the more correct. What it is of practical importance to consider is that the state of facts asserted as the basis of Frank's appeal was such as to present an extreme instance of improper conduct of a capital trial. Only on this ground did the two dissenting judges base their view of the case. Upon no ordinary departure from right standards would they have justified an assertion of Federal jurisdiction in relation to the result of a criminal trial upheld by the highest courts of a State. The practical conclusion to be drawn from this is obvious. It places upon the Governor of Georgia a moral obligation of the most solemn nature to examine thoroughly the merits of the case, and to act fearlessly upon the conclusion he thus arrives at. If a review by executive authority is ever called for in the interests of plain justice, surely such a review is imperatively demanded in a case where the trial was conducted under conditions at all resembling those described in the opinion delivered by Justice Holmes on Monday.

A well-beaten trail, under the supervision of the United States courts, runs from Indianapolis to Leavenworth, Kan. The departure from Indianapolis for the West of a personally conducted party of sixteen tourists, headed by Mayor Roberts of Terre Haute, recalls a similar hegira from Indiana

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to Kansas of some time ago. Then it was the associates of the brothers McNamara, of Los Angeles fame. Between the officials of the Ironworkers' Union now resident at Leavenworth and Mr. Roberts and his colleagues there is this resemblance, that both groups of men had gone in for "direct action." The McNamaras and the Ryans were impatient with the ordinary processes of labor agitation, and they attempted to accelerate the prevalent opinion among the great mass of organized workers by the infusion of dynamite. The ordinary processes of the ballot box were a bit too slow for the Terre Haute gang. In both instances, men knowing exactly what they wanted went at it in what seemed the shortest way. In both instances the direct action of labor thug and political thug came into collision with the direct action of the Federal courts. On the whole, the Leavenworth school of thought is likely to take a sober view regarding the feasibility of social and political progress through *sabotage*.

"Ripping" by triumphant Republicans, in connection with the civil service of various States, grows worse and worse. In Ohio the party entered the category of the Connecticut and Colorado raiders when Gov. Willis dismissed a hundred tax assessors for Republican place-holders. But this was a mild step compared with his latest—a demand for the resignation of fourteen Democratic members of State commissions, as being "out of sympathy with a Republican State Administration." It is good to learn that public sentiment has encouraged most of the commissioners to refuse the demand. In Delaware the State Child Labor Commission has just been abolished in order to give a machine Republican an $1,800 job, under circumstances peculiarly flagrant. The Commission in 1914 made the tactical mistake of dismissing an incompetent politician who had been foisted on it as State Child Labor Inspector. With Gov. Miller's approval, a bill has been rushed through for a Labor Commission of five to appoint the inspector and certain of his assistants. The new appointee is ex-Speaker of the Republican House, and sworn enemy of the original and abolished Commission. In five States now, counting New York, the Republicans have fallen into the worst kind of spoils-mongering.

Considering the rigid enforcement of the new Federal and State anti-narcotic laws, the record of 500 drug victims caught or surrendered in a city of five millions in a half-month is not startling. When the fight for this much-needed legislation was at its height, it was stated that between 4 and 5 per cent. of the people in the United States were habitual users of drugs. One speaker before a medical convention at Philadelphia remarked that 23 per cent. of the medical profession were addicted to the habit, and that abolition of the trade in such drugs "would reduce homicides by 50 per cent., suicides by 60 per cent." A Federal report six months ago flatly contradicted these exaggerations, though it admitted that figures showed "the existence of all too many habitual users of narcotic drugs." The proper estimate was put at not much over 70,000 habitual drug-users in the United States. But while reports from many cities show that the conservative figures were the more correct, they leave no doubt of the great usefulness of the measure. In St. Louis 300 applications were made in one week for treatment; in Chicago, a specially created hospital ward has over 100 patients; and a Boston dispatch says that "many permanent cures have been effected in hospitals here." The initial hardships imposed by the enforcement of the law are nothing compared with the suffering it will ultimately save.

Sunday was the ninth anniversary of San Francisco's earthquake and fire. To-day the city rejoices in the undoubted success of the first two months of the Exposition. The attendance is now said to have exceeded five millions. On the opening day, February 20, it was 245,000, and at the end of the first month it was well over two millions—a figure no other exposition has ever reached within five weeks of its beginning. Only once or twice has the number registered by the counting machines fallen below 40,000 in a day. This showing is the more remarkable in that the early spring is not always fair weather even in central California, while the crowds of Eastern tourists making holiday are expected to reach a maximum in July and August. It is possible, however, that the 7,500,000 people in the Pacific and Mountain divisions will attend most largely in the early months. But even if a rate of 2,500,000 admissions monthly should be maintained, by December 4 the attendance at San Francisco should have surpassed that at Chicago, where in 1893 there were but 21,500,000 paid admissions. The crowded courts and halls north of the city are impressive witness to the enterprise that began a campaign for the Panama Exposition only six months after the business district and a great deal besides this had been laid in ruins.

A notable contribution to science and human welfare, if it had come at any time, the discovery of the bacillus of typhus by a worker in one of the hospitals of New York city takes on a dramatic character from special circumstances. There is the youthfulness of the discoverer, the brilliant preliminary hypothesis upon which his researches were based, but above all the fact that the hope of a defence against a dreadful disease should arise precisely at the moment when the scourge is claiming its victims by the thousands in one corner of unhappy Europe, and is casting its shadow over a continent. The labor of love and self-sacrifice that American physicians and nurses have carried on in stricken Servia may yet be supplemented by the achievements of American science. When the German press, vexed at the sale of American arms to the Allies, calls us a nation of soulless traffickers, the reply is at hand not only in Belgium, where American bounty has poured forth so lavishly, but even more strikingly in Servia, where American physicians and nurses are giving their lives for the cause of humanity. Our grain cargoes to Belgium, our contributions to Poland and Servia, our specialists of the Gorgas type, and our patient investigators in the laboratories, show that this country is something more than the "Dollarika" of the facile German sneer.

Ingenuity of college students in writing badly after they have "passed off" the required freshman or sophomore courses in composition, is extraordinary. Perhaps it is a reassertion of native ineptness, perhaps it is sheer carelessness. But the remedy to be adopted at Harvard, after special study of the problem, is a patient one. A Standing Faculty Committee is to be appointed, and "instructors in all courses will be urged to send to the committee any examination book, thesis, or other piece of work which has demonstrated the writer's inability to express his thought." The committee will thereupon prescribe additional work in English for the delinquent students. The very warning should end mere slovenliness, and those whose fault lies deeper should be grateful for the discipline. Teachers of technical branches, for example, are emphatic enough on the value of clear English, but their students are notoriously prone to regard writing as entirely unconnected with their work-aday world.

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DR. DERNBURG'S "FEELER."

Dr. Dernburg's long and carefully written letter to a compatriot of his in the State of Maine was evidently intended for more than that gentleman's information. It is a statement, partly on avowed authority, of Germany's present wishes or hopes. The *Staats-Zeitung* declares in so many words that Dr. Dernburg's letter presents "der deutsche Standpunkt." It has been so taken generally. At Washington, as at London, it has been received as at least a semi-official outline of what the German Government to-day would consider the proper terms of peace. The significance of its being published in this country is probably much the same as that of Ambassador Bernstorff's repeated talks, last September, about Germany's willingness to make peace. It is sought to influence, in the first place, opinion in the leading neutral nation, and furthermore to get before the Allies, in a tentative way, proposals which Germany is not yet ready to present to them directly. The letter can thus scarcely fail to be thought of as an inspired "feeler."

So far as Dr. Dernburg asserts that any peace worth the name must be "permanent," and of a sort to guarantee the world against such an outbreak of war-madness as has afflicted mankind for the past nine months, all will be in sympathy with his position. They are saying the same thing in France and England. There, too, the authorities and the press are one in affirming that the Allies are bent on securing a just and lasting peace. But the question how to obtain it remains. Let us see how much the process is furthered by the plans sketched by Dr. Dernburg. We have not to deal with the humane sentiments which he expresses. It is an affair of his specific proposals.

In these, even the hasty reader of his letter cannot fail to note a certain confusion. Dr. Dernburg takes up the cry that Germany is now fighting for "the freedom of the sea." His language is that "the aim of Germany is to have the seas as well as the narrows kept permanently open for the free use of all nations, in times of war as well as in times of peace." What "narrows" he means, unless they be the Dardanelles, we do not know; and if the Allies succeed in driving the Turks from Constantinople, there is no doubt that the Turkish right to close the Dardanelles will be extinguished. Of the freedom of the high seas in time of peace, there has never been any question. Germany has enjoyed it and wonderfully made use of it all these years. But what of the free seas in time of war? Does Dr. Dernburg mean that naval power shall not be exerted in future wars? Would he abolish the right of blockade? Unless he means that, it would be of no avail to him to assert that he intends merely the doctrine that free ships make free goods. This is of no use as against a blockade; and would not at this moment be able to restore Germany's oversea trade. On this point Dr. Dernburg seems to be as hazy as he is in the matter of British preferential tariffs. One might think from what he writes that Mr. Chamberlain's campaign for discriminating duties in England had succeeded; whereas it broke down. The tariff on Canadian products in Liverpool is the same as on German products.

Much more important, though not, it must be confessed, much more clear-cut and justified, is Dr. Dernburg's account of the German idea of conquest and subjugation. His words are: "Germany does not strive for territorial aggrandizement in Europe; she does not believe in conquering and subjugating unwilling nations, this on account of a spirit of justice and her knowledge of history. No such attempts have ever been permanently successful." Passing this for the moment, note the ease with which Dr. Dernburg draws the logical inference, "Belgium cannot be given up"! This is on account of the "untold sacrifice of blood and treasure" with which the Germans have now "conquered" Belgium, and because she "commands the main outlet of Western German trade." However, Dr. Dernburg's logic soon makes another vault, and discovers that Belgium could be given up, after all, if the "natural commercial relation" between Germany and Belgium were put by the terms of peace into a "just and workable form." In such case, Germany would not fail to help in "rebuilding" Belgium. Does that mean an indemnity? Dr. Dernburg does not say; and it is profitless to dwell further on this part of his letter.

To go back to his statement that Germany has been taught by her "knowledge of history" that conquest of unwilling peoples is a blunder, we can only say that this is enough to make Treitschke turn in his grave. If there is one thing that the Prussian historians have insisted upon it is that Prussia has grown great, territorially and otherwise, by the sword. From the time that the Margraves of Brandenburg began to add to their dominions by force, all the way down through Frederick's seizure of Silesia, the conquest of Poland, of Schleswig, of Alsace and Lorraine, the Prussian idea has been to do exactly the thing which Dr. Dernburg now repudiates. This is, in fact, part of the poison which has been got into the German blood during the past fifty years, through countless agencies. If there is one thing which most Germans would have said their "knowledge of history" made them sure of it is that their country was to become the chief Power of Europe, a veritable "Weltmacht," by extending her sway through arms. If all this has been unlearned in a year, we have to thank for it certain stern teachers whom Dr. Dernburg does not mention!

His whole letter is to be regarded, not as a distinct offer of peace, but as a sign of the times, an indication of the slow awakening of Germany to unpleasant realities. Dr. Dernburg has no defined status. He is merely as "official" as the German Government finds it convenient to make him. He can be disavowed or endorsed at pleasure. Consequently, it is impossible to suppose that he is advancing an authorized programme of peace. What he has to say is most interesting. It betokens the road that Germany has travelled since last July. But it also leaves it plain that she has yet a long way to go before reaching the only possible terms of permanent peace.

THE QUESTION OF GERMANY'S CURRENCY.

The fall in New York exchange on Berlin, last week, brought the rate to the lowest level of this present war-time. The rate touched, 81⅝ cents for four German reichsmarks (which is the form in which Berlin exchange is habitually quoted), is something over 13 per cent. below the level at which Berlin would ordinarily be shipping gold; and this fact has led to the rather general assumption, by economists and bankers outside of Germany, that the German currency is to that extent depreciated. The inference was, however, vigorously disputed in a speech of a month ago to the German Reichstag, by Dr. Helfferich, director of the Deutsche Bank and lately appointed Imperial Secretary of the Treasury.

Dr. Helfferich, having pointed out that Germany's "financial position is unfavorably criticised because of the rate of our foreign exchange," asserted that "the German exchange rate at New York or elsewhere has nothing whatever to do with our financial position"; because that rate "depends only on our foreign trade, on the ratio between

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imports and exports." An issue of very considerable economic interest is raised by this controversy—quite transcending the mere question whether Germany's own financial status is good or bad.

To get at the economic truth of the matter, it is necessary to take into account some highly pertinent facts which Dr. Helfferich did not mention. It is, in the first place, perfectly well known that the Imperial German Bank suspended at the beginning of the war the gold redemption of its notes, which normally constitute the Empire's currency. This fact alone would give a color of probability to currency depreciation, small or great. It may be asked, why was not such depreciation reflected in the usual way, by a premium on gold at Berlin? This is easily answered. Such a premium is said to have been actually quoted in the autumn; on November 23, however, the Bundesrath enacted a law whereby dealing in German gold coin at a premium was made punishable by imprisonment and a heavy fine.

But dealers in German exchange on a foreign market can be neither fined nor imprisoned for violating the spirit of that statute. Since drafts on Berlin, which they accept in discharge of German indebtedness to such a foreign market, are redeemable in German currency at Berlin, and since the fundamental basis of international exchange is gold, it followed necessarily that, if a real though veiled depreciation in that currency existed, an abnormal movement of exchange rates against Germany would occur, sufficient to measure the actual depreciation. This result, as we have seen, has actually come to pass.

Furthermore, the German Government itself has shown that it holds this view of the depreciation in exchange. Last November—about the time when the penal statute against bidding a premium on gold was enacted—the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the leading financial and commercial newspaper of the Empire, published this very extraordinary statement:

> In order to enable the German public to judge the course of exchange between German and foreign currencies, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* began a short time ago to publish lists of the approximate prices which were current among exchange dealers; but the *Frankfurter Zeitung* now informs its readers that a wish has been expressed in authoritative quarters that, in the general interest, the publication of these prices should cease, and accordingly there will be no further lists published.

There is no possible meaning to this, except that the German Government feared that its people, drawing correct economic inferences from the state of the foreign exchanges, would arrive at conclusions, as to the currency, which they were not desired to hold. Therefore from the Government the fiat went forth that the information was to be withheld from them.

We do not assume, from the fact that Germany's currency is depreciated, that the Empire's financial situation is therefore desperate. The finances of the United States were very far from desperate when gold sold at 285 on the New York market during July, 1864. That price measured the well-known depreciation of the half-billion dollars in irredeemable paper money, issued by the Government in the war; though the excessively high price of 1864 (and this deserves the attention of the German legislature) was immediately due to an Act of Congress, hurriedly repealed soon after its enactment, designed to prohibit under penalty the bidding for future delivery of gold. The 60-point rise in our gold premium which accompanied that Congressional enactment was occasioned by the frightened bidding, not primarily of the speculators, but of the New York importing merchants.

In another similar period, the 16 to 20 per cent. depreciation in London exchange at Amsterdam and Hamburg, at a crisis of the Napoleonic wars, and the premium then actually bid for gold at London, were explained by the Parliamentary committee which investigated the phenomenon as directly due "to the circumstance of the paper of England not being exchangeable for cash." Gold payment on its notes was refused in 1809 at the Bank of England, as it is in 1915 at the Bank of Germany.

Dr. Helfferich's insistence that the low exchange reflects nothing but disturbance of the relation of Germany's export and import trade in merchandise will be dismissed, by all competent economists, as a bit of special pleading. Of course, the position of foreign trade will have its influence on exchange rates; as, indeed, it would influence even an open premium on gold. But it will scarcely supersede, much less exclude as a tangible influence, the depreciation of the currency. As for the German Government's determined effort to conceal or disguise, through penal statutes and warnings to the newspapers, the economic facts of the situation of German currency, it must be frankly said that this as a policy has more kinship to the similar penal statutes of the French Revolutionary Government, concerning gold and the assignats, than it has to the practice of enlightened modern states.

GERMANY NOW ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Between the close of the winter fighting and the beginning of the spring campaign there was no intermission. While Field Marshal von Hindenburg was still gathering in the last fruits of his second Mazurian victory which Berlin joyfully welcomed as the grand finale to the winter campaign, there commenced the series of Allied attacks in the west, which have continued to the present day. In the middle of February the French began a three weeks' drive in the Champagne. When they paused, towards the second week in March, the refrain was taken up for a week by Gen. French at Neuve Chapelle. The French fell to once more in Lorraine and Alsace, and after a brief pause there came the furious battles between Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson which culminated two weeks ago in the battle of Les Eparges. More recently there has been a renewal of the French offensive in Alsace, and in the last few days an attack by the British in the neighborhood of Ypres. On the eastern front the last days of February witnessed a revival of the Russian offensive in northern Poland, while in Galicia events shaped themselves rapidly towards the fall of Peremysl and the Russian onslaught upon the Carpathian barrier.

If one rehearses the names in the dispatches since the latter part of February the great majority denote an Allied offensive; whether an Allied success or not is a secondary matter. Champagne, Neuve Chapelle, Alsace, the Meuse, Ypres, the Dardanelles, the Carpathians speak of an Allied initiative against which we can balance only the short German drive at St. Eloi, the German gain near Badonvillers in Lorraine, and the operations initiated last week around Ossowetz in North Poland. The tone, like the matter, of the official dispatches from Berlin is defensive. The insistence is upon the failure of Allied attacks, not upon the prospects of a German advance.

This Allied offensive, predicted from the beginning of the winter, has begun, but not in the manner expected. The general belief was that, when the Allies were ready, that is, when Kitchener's new armies were on call, there would ensue one mighty heave against the German line from the North Sea to Alsace, that the six months' war of siege and sap would be over, and operations would resume that grand sweep of historic warfare which on the eastern front had never quite disappeared. There has been no such

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general advance. The fighting has been in sections, not quite the dreary trench warfare of the winter, but not the grandiose play of tactics and strategy awaited. And the reason is—ammunition. Before that it was men. The ammunition needed is not merely the greater quantity which a greater number of men demands. It is the enormous quantities which the strength of the modern defensive demands of an army on the aggressive. When the Allies were inferior in numbers to the Germans, this factor of material was not fully taken into account. It was assumed that as soon as the Allies outnumbered the Germans the tables would be turned, and the Allies would do in spring what the Germans did last August. It was apparently overlooked that if the thin English line again and again held back vastly superior German forces, the German line in spring would be in the same position against an Allied attack.

The story of Neuve Chapelle reveals the enormous difficulties and the vast preparations involved in a general attack on the German line in the west. To win not more than a mile or so of ground along a front of three or four miles, 350 heavy guns and from 40,000 to 50,000 men were brought together by the British. This is what the French did in the Champagne, where, according to Berlin, nearly a quarter of a million men were concentrated on a front of about eight miles. The preparations for the dash at Neuve Chapelle lasted probably a month. Sir John French in his account of the battle speaks of the plan of battle being communicated to the subordinate commanders in a secret memorandum on February 19. The attack was delivered on March 10. If such long preparation and such great resources had to be expended for comparatively small gains, it is easy to imagine the effort involved in a general attack along three hundred miles. To bring to bear sufficient artillery at Neuve Chapelle, other parts of the line were denuded. To fit out the entire Allied line with as heavy a complement of guns as battered the Germans at Neuve Chapelle would seem to be beyond the resources of the Allied nations, or of Germany, for that matter. A general advance along a front of hundreds of miles is thus unimaginable. The offensive, by whichever side directed, must be carried on in sections.

Under such circumstances it may yet turn out that one of the decisive areas of the Allied attack will be a good many miles from Flanders, or even from Alsace—at the Dardanelles. In the Teutonic battle-line, taken as a whole, the Dardanelles are still the weakest spot. Conceiving what the conquest of the Straits would mean to the Allies—the probable accession of the Balkan states and Italy, and a vital thrust at Austria-Hungary—it might easily pay the Allies to divert an army of even a quarter of a million men to the Ægean. Moreover, by a successful attack in this region the western Allies can render greater aid to Russia than by hammering away at the German front in the west. Russia's need of munitions of war must become acute with time. In May, it is true, her northern port, Archangel, will become ice-free, and supplies can be sent by that difficult route; in which case we may expect an outburst of German submarine activity in the northern waters. By next month we may witness, therefore, swift action on the extreme flanks of Europe, in the Mediterranean, and in the sub-Arctic seas.

LINCOLN'S RISING FAME.

How severe a test the lapse of fifty years after his death puts upon a statesman's reputation, is seen in what has happened to Lincoln's greatest contemporaries. With them the tooth of time has dealt hardly. Seward, Chase, Greeley; second-rank men like Morton, Fenton, Blair—they have sunk, relatively, but Lincoln has steadily risen. Near by the Presidential range one might think the peaks all of a height. It takes distance to make Mount Washington's supremacy evident. And the historical distance at which we now stand from Abraham Lincoln shows him towering unapproached.

It is a common notion that in the half-century since Lincoln's death his reputation has grown slowly in Europe, emerging from a cloud of prejudice; while in the United States our fundamental estimate of him has changed but little. In point of fact, the European view of him has altered but slightly, in comparison with the American. The Liberals in France were more unrestrained in their admiration in 1865 than most Frenchmen are to-day. Castelar's speech decades ago expressed Spanish feeling as it has persisted. In England the earlier abuse left few traces. *Punch's* pencil was blunted and its sneer confuted rapidly. There were men like Bright and Derby and Grey to say in 1865 much what Curzon and Bryce say now, and to a public as appreciative. To scholarly research, literary appreciation, and the general growth of regard for America is traceable a ripening of English esteem for Lincoln. The great charm of his personality, its thorough Americanism, the English duly recognize. But with them a full appreciation of Lincoln's intellectual distinction waits on a fuller study of American history.

In America, our veneration of Lincoln is greater, because more intelligent, than in 1865. He is a far more commanding figure now than then, a more epic and less intimate hero. His personal character lent itself to a myth-making process. His homely humor led to ransacking of joke-books; his gentleness grew into legends of reprieves, pardons, and consolatory letters. This was a familiarity that bred contempt even with its affection; and it so defeated itself that historians have had a great work to do in restoring Lincoln as he really existed. We now care little for "Lincoln stories," yet we study his authentic life as that of no other national figure.

A Lincoln myth that long had general vogue, but has now been thoroughly discredited with all who know the facts, is that he came to the Presidency a raw, untrained man. Americans rather liked to dwell upon this. It seemed to go well with the theory of special divine guidance over our nation, that Providence should have taken the rail-splitter of Illinois and made him suddenly equal to his giant task. So could the humblest instruments he made use of to confound the mighty! But we now fully understand that Abraham Lincoln became President with a disciplined and sinewy mind. He had thought deeply upon the great questions before the nation, and his soul had wrestled with the time's problems. This is easily admitted. But there still persists the tradition that Lincoln went to Washington ignorant of statecraft, unskilled in dealing with the clash of strong intellects. In helping to dissipate this misconception, Mr. Frederick T. Hill did much in his book, "Lincoln the Lawyer." It showed, in sum, how foolish it is to suppose that the man who had, by sheer ability and pitting his wits against the legal giants of those days, risen to the leadership of the Illinois bar, could have been the untutored President of 1861, of popular imagination. Lincoln's undress habits, both physical and mental, his air of slippered ease in the White House, deceived—and offended—many at first. Seward was for a time of the mind that he could assume the tutelage of this country lawyer. But all soon discovered that a real master of men had become President. And it was not an improvised mastery. It had been wrought out by years of struggle and self-discipline.

A more and more powerful element in

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heightening Lincoln's fame is his literary power. He has come to be acknowledged one of the greatest masters of English prose. And in Lincoln it is not only the elevated passage or felicitous phrase that attracts; there is besides the solid merit of his texture. He exemplifies Hazlitt's description of the good writer as one who "loses no particle of the exact, characteristic, extreme impression of the thing he writes about," and "is master of his materials as the poet is slave of his style." What makes Lincoln seem a classic is the fact that he really nourished his heart and formed his style on great models. He was a typical Westerner, but there was nothing Western in his writing. It was universal, like the man himself. What hectic writer to-day, striving for "punch," can hope for a millionth part of the immortality of the Second Inaugural?

One proof of Lincoln's mounting fame is that our best praise of him now seems pale. We cannot do better than repeat the words of men of insight, uttered in the first idealizing grief of fifty years ago. True then, they are even truer to-day. Lowell, Whitman, Emerson—they saw Lincoln as he truly was. All that has leaped to light in his record has but deepened our admiration and our indebtedness. Emerson would have rejoiced could he have lived to see the rounding of the fame of the President of whom he said, at the time of his death fifty years ago, that he was "the true history of the American people in his time"; "the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

SENATOR ALDRICH.

The death of Nelson W. Aldrich is a fresh reminder of the rapidity with which we in this country pass from one political epoch to another. We do not simply close chapters; we close whole books, and throw them away. Only seven or eight years ago, Senator Aldrich was a powerful figure in our public life. Earlier than that, he had been an influential leader of the Republican party, the known adviser and confidant of McKinley and Roosevelt. But he was so identified with political tendencies which fell under the popular ban that he was largely shorn of power even before he retired from the Senate. His name had, rightly or wrongly, become a kind of byword. When President Taft, early in his Administration, publicly expressed great confidence in Senator Aldrich, and in his work for currency reform, it was everywhere felt to be a political blunder of the first magnitude. It was unfortunately true that the discredit into which Mr. Aldrich fell, along with those elements in his party and in the business world with which he had long been associated, prevented him from attaining what was, no doubt, the sincere ambition of his later years in the Senate—we mean the hope of rounding out his career by a great piece of constructive financial statesmanship. It came reluctantly to be admitted by even the friends of the measure for which he labored, that the attaching of his name to it made its acceptance by the country impossible.

His rise to great prominence in the Senate was no accident. It was the result partly of long service—the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee finally falling to him by seniority—and partly of great skill in legislative matters. He knew how to handle men, and how to unite and control a powerful following. Naturally, in the years when his party made so much of "business" in the political field, Senator Aldrich acquired marked influence. He was, in no contemptuous sense, the chief "go-between" for the Republicans in their relations with men of large affairs. With this went very well Mr. Aldrich's activities in tariff matters. With the framing of two tariff bills—in 1897 and in 1909—he had a great deal to do. The report was spread about Washington that the thing for any manufacturer to do, looking for higher protection, was to "see Aldrich." And the stories were too many and too precise of this and the other factory-owner being allowed to write his own schedules in the congenial air of Senator Aldrich's office not to have a foundation of truth in them. All this was simply a part of the good old "comfortable" way of the Republican party, first granting tariff favors and then frying campaign fat. Senator Aldrich's connection with the process was no secret, and neither he nor his friends saw in it at the time anything to blush for.

The most notable success of Mr. Aldrich's public life was a failure. He failed, that is to say, in his hopes and plans to bring about a reformed system of currency, yet the impetus which he gave to the movement must be recognized by all fair-minded men as having been vital to the final achievement. Senator Aldrich could not pass his own bill. He was not able to give his name to the statute that, at last, modernized our currency and banking system. Yet the inquiries which he pressed, the interest which he aroused, the energetic drive which he little by little accumulated behind the whole agitation for reform, opened the door for what came later. Never was there a clearer case of one man laboring and another entering into his labors. The act establishing the Federal Reserve Bank differs in many particulars from the measure proposed by Senator Aldrich; yet its central and animating idea is the same as that which he urged. And in the reports of the Monetary Commission, which owed its existence to him, the advocates of the scheme that finally became law found a perfect treasure-house of fact and argument. This debt to Senator Aldrich is one which should to-day be gratefully acknowledged.

One specific achievement of his, in the realm of national finance, has had a recent demonstration of its benefits. We refer to the so-called Aldrich-Vreeland amendment authorizing the issue of emergency currency. There were objections to the plan, but its main purpose, that of providing a means whereby another "currency panic," like that of 1907, might be averted, was sound. And last August the banks and the people of this country reaped the advantage. The financial crisis precipitated by the war found the Treasury with the emergency notes already printed and ready for issue. It was this device, and not at all the new banking system, as some have ignorantly asserted—the system was, in fact, not yet in operation—which saved the situation in the first few weeks after the outbreak of the war. A striking though unintended tribute to Mr. Aldrich's foresight in providing this temporary recourse, is contained in a book, just published, on "The War and Lombard Street," by Hartley Withers. He points out the embarrassment to English bankers caused by the fact that, last August, "a supply of £1 and 10s. Government notes" was not in existence. He writes: "I have good authority for stating that bankers had long ago represented to the powers that be that a store of emergency currency would be needed if England were involved in a great war." Such a store the United States owed to the prudent forecast of Senator Aldrich.

What the balance was, in his public life, of durable satisfactions and haunting disappointments, it would be idle to undertake to say. Everybody must feel the implicit tragedy of Senator Aldrich's later high and worthy efforts being thwarted by the record of his earlier years. He certainly had occasion to reflect on the truth stated by the poet Fletcher:

> Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

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Chronicle of the War

In our editorial columns we deal with the general nature of the Allied offensive, the long-awaited movement which was to come with the spring, but which finally came so unostentatiously that it has only recently been recognized as having actually begun. That it has not as yet gathered anything like its full force is obvious, for Lord Kitchener's new army, though the greater part of it is no doubt in France, quartered in training camps, has not, except perhaps to a very small extent, been engaged at the front. When the full force of the offensive is developed, if we may judge by the preliminary operations of the past two months, we may expect it to consist of three or four, or even more, separate offensives simultaneously launched against different points in the enemy's line. So far the offensives have not been simultaneous, but they have been to a certain extent overlapping. Thus the French operations against the German wedge at St. Mihiel still continue, for we read of German counter-attacks on Les Eparges and of fierce artillery duels in the region of Regnéville, but reinforcements have doubtless been brought up on the German side, and the first impetus of the French attack has spent itself. At the same time that the positions gained are consolidated and steady pressure continuously applied here, as in the Champagne—where we find still what may be called the aftermath of the offensive launched in February—another attacking movement has developed in Alsace, along both banks of the Fecht River, west of Colmar, where a commanding position has been gained by the capture of the height of Burgkorpfeld.

At the other end of the line the British troops, who have doubtless been preparing systematically for this attack since Neuve Chapelle, have launched a strong offensive southeast of Ypres. This movement, according to official and unofficial accounts, was begun on Saturday night, and was directed against the German line between Kemmel and Wulverghem, the objective being a hill, the only one in the neighborhood, described officially as hill No. 60, two miles to the south of Zillebeke, which itself is east of Ypres. This hill, the official dispatches tell us, dominates the country to the north and northwest, and the advance made, according to unofficial statements, represents a distance of some three miles. Here, as at St. Mihiel, it will be remembered, since the autumn a German salient has cut into the Allies' line between Roulers and Lille, corresponding with the Allied salient formed by Dixmude-Roulers-Ypres. The ultimate object of the present attack is no doubt to straighten out the line between Roulers and Lille, cutting the main line of railway between those places, and the present offensive may therefore be brought into connection with the former one at Neuve Chapelle, a successful continuation of which would have threatened the German position at Lille.

As has almost invariably been the case of late, the German official reports directly contradict those of the Allies, but the denial is perhaps of too "blanket" an order to command entire credence. Monday's report, for instance, concluded with the statement that "French and British reports concerning victories on the western front are all inventions, as is sufficiently proved by the regular reports from German headquarters," and it declared that "British attacks along the railway between Ypres and Comines broke down with very heavy losses to them." The denial sounds the more suspicious in that it must have been issued before the contents of the British report of the same day became known in Berlin, and confidence in the German official reports—which in the earlier stages of the war were usually trustworthy—is not further increased by the fact that similar denials were issued concerning the French occupation of Les Eparges. Now, in Monday's report, we have a tacit admission of the loss of Les Eparges in the statement that "French attacks against our position at Combres . . . resulted in failure." Combres is just across the valley from Les Eparges, and the latter would have to be in possession of the enemy before the former could be attacked.

Foreign Correspondence

STRIKES IN ENGLAND—THE QUESTION OF PROHIBITION—AMERICAN RELIEF IN BELGIUM.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, April 4.

About a month ago, the news of a serious strike among the engineers on the Clyde, engaged in the manufacture of munitions of war, sent a thrill throughout the country and gave our enemies a deplorable occasion to blaspheme. It seemed, for the moment, like the rift that might make mute the thundering music of our guns in Flanders. The first hasty impulse to consider this strike as an unaccountable and irresponsible outburst of incivism in an otherwise devoted country was, however, soon recognized to be too facile a settlement of the problem. It was, obviously, absurd to assume that the fathers and brothers of the very men who had poured into the army without even waiting for an assurance of adequate provision for their dependents, were conspicuously lacking in patriotism—more so, for example, than the members of the Jockey Club or the managers of association football clubs.

Other reasons had to be sought, and these were soon found ready to hand. It was seen that causes could easily be conceived quite adequate to make a patriotic workingman think his first duty was to strike for higher wages. The average man is prepared to join in patriotic self-sacrifice on the understanding that such sacrifice is shared by all classes in equal measure. If, however, he suspects that his patriotism is being exploited, not for the good of his country, but for the interests of other individuals or classes, he naturally becomes restive. When he hears a rumor, true or false, that a contractor is making £60,000 in commissions and sees that manufacturers are receiving enormously enhanced prices for articles absolutely essential to our warfare, it is only human for him to ask himself (especially when the purchasing value of a sovereign has sunk to about sixteen shillings), whether or not he is obtaining a fair share of these new profits. The answer that he is not is obviously plausible, and very probably correct. We must not forget that the artisan had been working double tides for four months before he thought of striking; and that it had gradually dawned upon him that he was, to some extent at least, playing the part of catspaw. On the top of this comes the fact that he is, possibly, not fully awake to the acute seriousness of the crisis in which we are involved. This is not the place in which to criticise the censorship of the British press, but it is at least conceivable that fuller information might have created a deeper sense of responsibility. Something, too, might be said about the serious strain that the feverish activity of our ammunition works has been causing, and the consequent necessity of a weekly wage that will allow for adequate periods of rest and recuperation.

The action of the Government in taking over works adapted for the production of war material and in giving a guarantee to the workmen that any departure from the ruling practice of the workshops should be for the period of the war only, has removed the chief grievance, and seems to have gone far to save the situation. But more must yet be done to regulate prices, as the workingman is convinced that their rise is often artificial and unnecessary—*e. g.*, in the case of coal. Another factor that tends to good is the workingman's belief in Lord Kitchener, as a man tainted neither by capitalistic sympathy nor political partisanship. The announcement that Lord Kitchener has forbidden the use of alcohol in his household will undoubtedly be taken as another proof of his straightforwardness, even by those who do not believe in the policy of prohibition.

It should be noted that the official action of the trades unions and the recognized leaders of the working classes has all along been unexceptionable. Thus, the letter of Mr. James Sexton, general secretary of the National Union of Dock Laborers, in the *Morning Post* for February 11, struck a high patriotic note; and there have been few more persuasive recruiting agents than Mr. Will Crooks.

There still remains for consideration, however, the point which many observers regard as the most important of all, viz., the question of drink. No doubt many, if not most, of the assertions regarding the habitual, time-wasting drunkenness of the British workingman are grossly exaggerated. Nevertheless, when all pleas in extenuation or rebuttal have been allowed for, there seems evidence enough to show that this is a real evil. The action of the Russian Government in forbidding the sale of vodka has given our own prohibitionists the opportunity of a lifetime, and they are simply thrilling with excitement at the vistas of total abstinence now apparently opening up before them. There will, undoubtedly, be enormous opposition on the part of the vested interests and of the workingmen themselves; but it seems quite on the cards at this moment that the British Government will sanction some restrictions on the use of alcohol, which will go far beyond their present temporizing attitude in limiting the hours during which clubs and public houses may sell liquor. The example of King George, in offering to forego the use of alcohol for himself and his household, will do much to reconcile the "upper ten" to this interference with their personal habits; and it is felt that the workingman may be willing to recognize that he should be ready to go as far as his brothers in the trenches, and accept as a compromise some such sys-

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tem of rations as the soldiers submit to.

In view of the somewhat wild gesticulations of the enthusiasts for total abstinence, who maintain that alcohol has absolutely no food value, and cannot be regarded as in any sense really helpful, it is interesting to hear the testimony of habitual water-drinkers in the trenches, who report that they really don't see how it would be possible to dispense with the rum ration served out there. The armor-plated teetotalers insist that this should be replaced by hot tea, cocoa, or coffee, oblivious of the fact that, in the circumstances, such a provision is almost impossible. Whether the strain of hard work in the factory is so analogous to the privations of the trenches as to require a similar stimulant, is a question that will be variously answered; but it is clear that willing work is likely to be the most efficient, and that it may militate against such efficiency to deprive wholly of alcohol the man who has all his life been accustomed to its use. As Mr. William Archer has pointed out, we are not now concerned with the attainment of a state of ideal perfection, but with such a practical compromise as shall obtain the best immediate results.

The taunt that the Germans would be incapable of such strikes as those on the Clyde leaves us cold. No one denies that ingrained reverence for authority has its virtues; and we recognize that German patriotism is not likely to be hampered just in this particular way. The spirit of the strike, however misapplied, is the spirit of liberty; and we must e'en put up with the defects of our qualities. Insistence on his individual rights has always mingled with the Briton's love of country, and it is not without significance that the glorious victory of Camperdown was won by the very sailors who had just previously participated in the mutiny at the Nore.

Among the numerous philanthropic agencies established to cope with the distress arising from the war, there is perhaps none that has excited more admiration, on the score of efficiency as well as of munificence, than the (American) Commission for Relief in Belgium. Our acquaintance with the work of this body has recently been greatly increased by Miss Beatrice Harraden's interesting reports; and fuller knowledge brings ever-growing appreciation. Our sympathy is, indeed, so intense that many Britons (as, assuredly, many Americans) have been found to look askance on the British Government's decision not to add to its original subsidy of £100,000. I have had the privilege of seeing the whole of the correspondence on this point between Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Herbert Hoover, the full text of which was not published in the British press. Sir Edward Grey makes it very clear that the highest military considerations render it impossible for this country to assist the fund so long as the German Government continues its requisitions of food and levies of money from the Belgian people. Mr. Hoover, whose management of the Commission has been beyond praise, seems (by implication, at least) to admit the validity of this plea, and he tells me that he has met nothing but the most kindly treatment at the hands of the British Government.

The fact remains, however, that a large portion of the inhabitants seem to depend, for their very existence, on the food that Mr. Hoover's Commission is able to get into the country. So far there has been no difficulty with the passage of the relief ships, as the German Government has, in this instance, scrupulously kept its undertaking to respect the American flag. It is interesting to know that a large British National Committee is to be formed, under the sanction of the Government, with the purpose of formulating an appeal to the British public for coöperation in this good work. I understand that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne, Sir James Compton Rickett, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Rosebery, Lord Bryce, Mr. John Redmond, and Mr. Arthur Henderson have formed themselves into a preliminary committee and intend, in a day or two, to send out to three or four hundred persons of prominence to ask them to join in forming a representative committee. These names will, I think, insure public confidence as to the proper treatment of such points as, for instance, the expropriation of foodstuffs.

PAN-GERMANISM AND THE FLEMISH MOVEMENT.

THE HAGUE, March 31.

The policy of *divide et impera* is being practiced by the Germans in Belgium. No nation of western Europe affords a more suitable material for this sort of chemistry. The unity of the Belgian nation is of recent growth, and the two languages that keep Flemings and Walloons apart as in hostile camps have seriously retarded the welding process. The odds would seem to be in favor of the Walloons. For how could the racy Flemish dialect hold out against the subtle, graceful language of France, the speech of a civilization compared to which everything Flemish seems inferior and obsolete? To the French and the French-speaking Belgians, it seems preposterous in the Fleming that he should wish to preserve his native idiom from extinction, as if the speech of Paris were not a thousand times more refined than the gibberish of Antwerp. And the fascination of French culture is actually so strong as to make many Flemings feel ashamed of using their own language. They send their children to French schools, converse with them in French at home, and banish the Flemish to the nether regions of the kitchen, unaware of the impression that their French creates on the true-born Parisian. For it is no far cry from the French of Antwerp to that of Stratford atte Bowe. These renegades are the worst enemies of the Flemish movement. Their desertion of a racial cause seems to justify the Walloon's contempt for his Belgian brother of Brabant and Flanders.

"Sale Flamin" is the Fleming's traditional stigma. But this very oppression has challenged the nation's stepchild to claim his rights as the equal of his French-born brother. And during the past half-century he has splendidly asserted these claims by achievements in the fields of literature, of art, and of learning.

The Germans, as was to be expected, are trying to fish in the troubled waters of this racial antagonism. Their papers remind the Flemings of the close affinity of the German and the Flemish peoples, and represent the occupation of Belgium as the beginning of a new era, in which the Teutonic Fleming is to regain the freedom which his Romanic oppressor has denied him so long. Pan-Germanists revel in the prospect of reclaiming these waifs and strays of the great Teutonic mother race. But they are reckoning without their host, the mighty host of the German Kaiser. Whatever German sympathies the Flemish may have felt before the war were all killed, with so many Flemish lives, by German militarism.

If the country's neutrality had not been violated, there is little doubt that the Fleming would have felt his sympathies go to the German side. German literature, German learning, German music were admired by the intellectuals of Flanders as the achievements of a cognate race which could support the Flemish movement in its self-assertion against French influences. And the uneducated classes, obedient flock of a powerful Roman Catholic clergy, were taught to admire the German nation as a race of God-fearing Christians, so different from the erring people of immoral France. At the beginning of the war, Flemish priests had to be called to order by the Belgian authorities for describing this conflict as a Divine punishment for the irreligious French nation, and praying for the victory of German arms.

How the tables are turned! In tearing the "scrap of paper," the Imperial Chancellor tore Germany's good name in Flanders. The Germans themselves are realizing it too late. It is interesting to notice how eagerly they watch the utterances of responsible Flemings for scraps of "Deutschfreundlichkeit." The *Berliner Tageblatt,* in its number of December 25, printed a sketch from the war, translated from the Flemish of Maurits Sabbe. The tale described an episode in the bombardment of Mechelen (Malines), and the writer had gladly given the *Tageblatt* the permission to print the translation, as he thought that the tale, which tells of the charity of his countrymen to their enemies, would act as an antidote on the minds of German readers poisoned by Wolff telegrams concerning atrocities committed by cruel Belgian *franctireurs.* But the *Tageblatt* had its own reasons for printing it: the tale was prefaced by a statement that the unbiassed opinions held by Mr. Sabbe on Germany and the Germans had not been shaken by the war, and that this tale was the first contribution written by a Belgian during the war with a view to publication in Germany. For the first of these statements the editor had never received any authority from the writer, and the second was a palpable untruth, as the tale was originally written for the November number of a Dutch monthly, in which it had duly appeared. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* of March 21 treated its readers to some fragments of a diary kept during the first months of the war by Guido Gezelle's nephew, Stijn Streuvels, the greatest among the prose-writers of modern Flanders. They had first appeared in *De Vlaamsche Post,* a daily started recently at Ghent under German censorship, and naturally containing nothing disagreeable to a German mind. On the contrary, it must have pleased many a subscriber to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to read Streuvels's good-natured description of the charming German officers whom he had to board and lodge under his roof. The writer admits that he even felt something like friendship for these enemies of his country, and wished them good luck on their departure.

No wonder that the German press has seized hold of this diary as a precious evidence of "deutschfreundliche Gesinnung" among the Flemish. But one swallow does not make a summer. In most Flemish hearts

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the old love of Germany has been nipped to death by a wintry frost of hate. It is not in the censored *Vlaamsche Post* of Ghent that they find utterance. Flemish politicians, journalists, and writers of note have started a new Flemish daily at Amsterdam called *De Vlaamsche Stem* (the Flemish voice), which sings a different tune from Streuvels. No longer does it sound the old Flemish cry, "Wat Walsch is valsch is" (What is French is false). The old antagonism is forgotten, and the late enemy at home has become a brother-soldier at the hostile approach of the former friend from across the frontier. When the war is over, either race will guard as jealously as ever its prerogatives and independence. But the quarrel will, doubtless, be fought with more honest appreciation of each other's intrinsic qualities. If ever Belgium is restored again to the Belgians, the dangers faced together will prove to have fraternized the two races more closely than centuries of peace would have done.

A. J. BARNOUW.

Notes from the Capital

THE DEMOCRATIZING DANIELS.

It must put some old-fashioned prophets to the blush that, within fifty years of the close of the great rebellion, a native of one of the Confederate States should be sitting in the White House, with a Cabinet made up one-half of men of like origin—an extraordinary proportion, when we note that two more members are of foreign birth. Of the Southerners, the most typical is Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina. There would be no more possibility of mistaking his source, geographically speaking, than of mistaking the President himself for a Wall Street stockbroker. But liking for the amiable qualities of the typical Southerner—his generosity, his unworldliness, his hospitality, his chivalry—can hardly blind us to the fact that his horizon is not broad. He seldom gets far enough away from the individual objects in the foreground to obtain a general perspective view of any public question. Bearing this in mind, it is easier to be patient with certain idiosyncrasies of Daniels which have drawn upon him almost frenzied censure.

One such is his campaign for the democratizing of the navy. He comes upon what seems to him a case of injustice suffered by a naval seaman at the hands of an officer whose right to command is due to opportunities enjoyed at the outset of life rather than to superior natural capacity or character. His first reaction takes the form of removing as many as possible of the artificial barriers between the two men, and, to make his sentiment the more manifest, he expresses it in terms which the officer is likely to resent and the seaman to misinterpret, to the damage of good discipline in the service.

The purpose behind the Secretary's interference is sound enough: the fault lies not with it, but with the guise in which he presents it to the world. It is doubtful whether it carries at its core any appreciable taint of demagogism. The Secretary is so genuinely a good fellow that he fails to reflect that in the very nature of things, where one man is, for the public welfare, entrusted with the power of life and death over many and hence is entitled to their unhesitating obedience, it is out of the question to sweep away the conventional distinctions between the upper and the lower ranks: their absence would imply an independence of judgment which, under certain exigent conditions, might prove fatal. The efficiency of the subordinate depends upon his making himself as nearly as practicable an intelligent automaton, responding instantaneously to every movement of the lever under the superior's master hand; and that is out of all accord with the notion of equality for the time being. The well-trained subordinate recognizes the true relation instinctively. Daniels recognizes it, but he is more cub-like than statesmanlike in his fashion of promulgating its philosophy.

With his round, expansive, smooth-shaven face, his eyes that attest their owner's gift for language, his boyish optimism of expression and manner, and his indifference to surface dignity, Daniels might be taken anywhere for a not too mature reporter. You look almost instinctively for the pencil and notebook in his hand while he is talking to you. When you learn that he is not a victim, but an earnest pursuer, of publicity, you are not surprised; and his frequent iteration of the first personal pronoun, usually in connection with a humorous illustrative anecdote, is thus explained. You cannot be with Daniels long without being reminded of Tom Corwin's vain regrets over having spoiled a promising career by letting people know how funny he could be.

The same critics who are so fiercely hounding Daniels on the score of his desire to democratize the navy are wont to contrast him invidiously with his colleague, the Secretary of War; yet Mr. Garrison's desire to encourage human relations between the officers and enlisted men under him is as sincere as that of Mr. Daniels. The main difference lies in his carrying his propaganda a stage further back. His address to the West Point cadets at the first graduating exercises he attended was saturated with this thought, that for every obligation of the men to their officers there was a compensating obligation of the officers to the men. He urgently reminded the youths before him that the soldiers they were soon to command were moulded of the same clay with themselves, and deserved corresponding consideration. Nobody took him to task for an incendiary utterance, probably because the cadets were boys whose characters and concepts were still in the formative process; his remarks to them were part of their theoretical rather than their practical education, and there were no enlisted men yet under them to be influenced to insubordination. He was simply starting them right, instead of waiting till their habits of mind and conduct had become fixed.

It has been a standing wonder with those of us old-timers who remember Daniels as a clerk in the Interior Department during President Cleveland's second term, how President Wilson came to pick him out for such a Department as the Navy, with ten Cabinet places to choose from, even admitting that he had reached Cabinet size. It now remains to see how long he will hold his place under such a fire as is pouring into him. He is not assailed with vague hints of misconduct, like Alger; he has not become enfeebled with old age, like Sherman; he is not a rival of his chief's for the next Presidential nomination, like Blaine. The worst his foes find to say of him is that he is—well, just Josephus Daniels.

VIEILLARD.

French War Poems

THE STORY OF THE WAR IN VERSES WRITTEN AT THE FRONT BY A FRENCH OFFICER OF ARTILLERY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

O take heart when we pass by,
Stiff and proud beside our guns:
This one here, before your eye,
Has seen tremble Attila's Huns!

Thus Artilleryman Gaston Petit versifies his cannon as he lies convalescent from wounds of battle. By trade he is a metal-worker of Lorraine; and he needs the making of verse to relieve the tedium of his forced inaction.

Inside the hospital the sun can give
But faint reflections of the Autumn's show;
Yet 'tis a pastime, every day we live,
To see the leaves of gold downfalling slow
From our yard's trees; while brightly, high aloof,
The slates reflect lone cross-lights on the roof
Of an old house, whose wall, so bleak and gray,
Relentlessly blocks our horizon's way.

From the artillery also comes a book, "Sonnets de Campagne," sold for the benefit of the wounded (Paris: Hachette; 2 francs). There are ninety of these sonnets, "written at the front" by a *rengagé*—retired artillery officer—who wrote a book long ago on the Indies, and who has reënlisted for this war. Wellnigh every act and emotion of the war, from the first call to arms to the New Year five months later, find utterance in one or other of these sonnets. They are dedicated "to my 80,000 comrades of the P. L. M." This is the great Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean Railway Company, in which, though the book is not signed, the author's position by family and office may easily be divined.

The soldier-poet, whose name every one that knows the public life of contemporary France should recognize as a man, represents that disconcerting democracy which pervades French life.

To you these verses—workers, friends of the great
Road!
. . . . . .
First off, to you a-staging that first act
Magnificent! To whom harsh toil and pain
Merit fair honor! great thanks, Railwaymen!

This first act of the war was the "Mobilization" of every able-bodied Frenchman—the call to immediate service at his post in his country's defence.

The thunderstroke! But yesterday 'twas Peace,
Superb in Summer harvest—vacation time—
Repose—bright turbulence of children—
The family together—great happiness complete.
Then War! Amazement! who had thought of it?
Believed? It matters not—France calls
And all are come. And, Kaiser, thy mad overweening
May try the evil deed—we're ready!
—See them come straight down their mountainside,
My men—my friends already—for the Campaign,
Where, hand in hand, we'll work together.
Uniformed, outfitted, armed—well as may be—
And all already impatient for battle!
Come with God's help, boys! 'tis our work to win!

Then there is the "Concentration" of troops by means of his railways:

Each quarter-hour, exact, unhurrying, no time lost,
A train moves Eastward, strong, heavy, full:
. . . . . .
My old Road! Never had I travel so fine!

There is next the "Baptism of Fire," and the death of the Captain of 1870, who is again in harness:

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Comrade, adieu! I count on you
To tell my five sons, soldiers like me,
Their old father died content—for his Country!

To his wife, the soldier-poet sends a description of the "Mass in Campaign":

The priest, like those around him, is a soldier;
The bell sounds with the crackling of guns;
The organ is the mutter of cannon raging.

August comes to an end amid such reverses and retreat, and the sonnet becomes a "Prayer":

God! pity take on the sweet land of France!
Heavy its anguish, its affliction great,
The fair blood of its sons poured out in floods,
Its mothers' hearts melting in distress.
Mayhap it turned away from Thee its hope,
Mayhap it sinned by Lust, Pride, and Denial.
Take pity by Thy own Death and Passion!
For Suffering is the purifying bath.
And Thou hast said—"Blessed who for Justice sake
Do suffer!" Now our land offers its sacrifice
For a cause most just. O God, be pitiful!
We bleed, we weep. Thou hast said—"Blessed they who weep."
Only one bliss can be for us without snare,
Give it us, Lord! give us the victory!

At the Marne the battle turns. Among his men, a Paris orphan boy falls stiff with a ball in his heart:

He had said to me: "I'm all alone—'tis queer—
Never have I known parents, brother or sister."
. . . . . .
O proud and holy gravity of Death,
'Tis sad to see him go forth all alone—
Yet no, my child—not all alone! thy captain
Keeps for thee a father's memory, tender and strong!

The real lesson of War comes on "The Battle's Morrow." It is hard to think that even an enemy should spurn such a lesson:

Alas! near to the hero is the victim too—
Thy morrow, Battle, is atrocity.
What, cruel God, was the inexpiable crime
For which humanity must pay so harshly?
Blood, fire, disembowelment, rottenness,
Dead everywhere, black, writhing, unentombed,
Sorrow and silence, universal mourning.
Ah! War may have its own, its unique grandeur:
Yet he who lets this plague loose on the earth
Is but a criminal, a coward, hideous!

For our captain-poet, the essential of a sonnet is that it should be made up of fourteen verses; and so he abandons his classic Alexandrines for a shorter line that may be sung to the swinging march of the soldier—the *pioupiou*, as he is named, lovingly, whose only wage is one sou daily:

Little *pioupiou*, at a cent a day,
Why are you going to the war?
Sure, 'twas never business of yours
If William runs amuck!
—I'm a little *pioupiou* at a cent a day,
If I'm running to the frontier,
'Tis because they've insulted my Mother,
And I wish to wring their neck!
—Beware then, soldier at a cent a day,
You shall run dangers extreme,
You'll make them weep who love you!
—Weep who will! for if France
Needs my blood and suffering—
"Present!" says this little *pioupiou*.

The battle rages. The soldier whose business it is to keep officer and men in touch reports—"straight, clear as a theorem":

—What? you stagger? and you're pale!
What are you hiding under your cloak?
—What am I carrying? Pardon, my Captain!
'Tis my arm a shell cut off in the plain;
I picked it up—should the Teutons have it?
—True as the Gospel this, beautiful as the antique,
Both deed and word of a magnificent Frenchman—
And, stranger still, my brave man survives!

In his close, familiar comradeship with such men he cannot help comparing the relations between them with the other side's discipline which keeps officer and men stiffly apart:

Compare with theirs our warrior!
Their ways are not the same as ours:
With us no pride, no stiffness, even familiar,
He fears not the enemy—fears not his officer!

With October the poet-captain, too, is relegated to "the sadness and heavy boredom of the hospital"; and his dreams go to the "Redemption" which shall be after all this slaughter:

Twenty years and forty years, green grain and ripe,
Hillside and hilltop, the debt due, the ransom,
Death's scythe has mown them all, fairly and sinister.
—Children, who follow them! 'twas to redeem you
These heroes died!

On All Souls' Day, the wounded insist on marching in the procession, the lighted candles trembling in their hands, to their comrades' graves:

The old road, from Hospital to Cemetery,
Alas! is too well trod, ever since this war.
—Their chant floats like a sob across the plain;
The stigmata of Death mark their poor bodies.
And our hearts swell with the tragedy
Before the vision, sad, magnificent,
Of all these dying ones weeping their dead.

The rage of combat stirs again at first whisperings of "indulgent Peace" when there is no peace—from those whose vain philosophy has done so much harm and who now, untouched themselves, are ready to begin again:

Halt there! snobs and dilettanti!
Pedants emasculate, æsthetes unwholesome!
—Dead in blood lies that German dream
Of Kant, of Schumann!
We'll talk again of Clemency and Culture
When the impure horde shall have paid back
Nail for nail, eye for eye, tooth for tooth!

Not many, however, are the outbursts like this—for the poet and soldier rather dwells on the beings he loves and their varying fortunes. He hails "the King" (Albert of the Belgians) and the "Fine Play" of the English who fight with him and his comrades—and he is content to rest his hopes with "The Chief," as all Frenchmen have done till now, silently:

Patient, courageous, waiting the elect hour—
By his will, taciturn, headstrong,
He holds fast and, like him, all France holds fast too!

The New Year comes and our Captain turns from his visions of war, terrible and tender, to its outcome. "Progress" he dismisses summarily:

Pontiffs, beforehand, had bent and ordered war
To rites foreseen in their pedant calculation—
And men fight as in the Age of Stone.

Reality remains—the part of Earth for which he and his men have fought to the death:

Land, O proud Land, and warm and sheltering,
My country's Land, I worship thee! For strong
Thy salt, fruit pure, grain full, and water clear,
And air the lightest of all 'neath the sky!
How well this war has taught us to love thee!
To sleep upon thy breast, rude, motherly;
To hide in thy folds our heroes' mystery,
Surely intrenched and giving mortal blows!
—How easy, holy, fair the death of those
Who, to guard thee from Teuton outrages,
Glorious descend into thy mortal earth!

For outsiders to this horrible war, it is but sorry work to count up possible compensations. Yet this driving back of a whole people on itself, this stern facing of themselves as a People and a nation and country such as Time has ripened them, and this strong action to defend their very being, must be a good. Aristotle, striving to get to the bottom of Art, noted that pleasure is conscious fulness of the activity natural to man, and that Beauty is that which gives pleasure to contemplation. Whatever may be the poetic merits of such war verses, surely they fulfil these conditions of the Beautiful.

Intellectualism

CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE AS OPPOSED TO ROMANTICISM AND THE PSEUDO-INTELLECTUALISM OF SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

By WARNER FITE.

To lay bare the point of view of this article I shall begin by calling myself an intellectualist. And to satisfy the definition of an intellectualist, I shall say that I believe in analysis without end. I believe in looking a gift horse in the mouth, in letting one's right hand know what the left hand is doing, and in allowing no respect for persons to interfere with an intimate analysis of their personal character. I am aware that, in the present era of philosophical impressionism, to call yourself an intellectualist is to admit that you are a kind of adding-machine and without a living soul. I contend, on the contrary, that intellectualists possess a monopoly of soul. Yet when I survey the conventional types of intellectualism, as represented by the intellectualism of modern science and the intellectualism of the new mathematical logic, it seems to me that the intellectualistic claim to a soul stands in need of argument. I am also perplexed by finding striking illustrations of intellectual analysis scattered here and there amidst the anti-intellectualistic philosophy of M. Bergson. And to crown it all, I learn that German "intellectualism" is responsible for the present war. This seems to show that intellectualism is itself in need of analysis.

I.

In any discussion of intellectualism we confront the issue between intellectualism and intuitionism, or, if you please, romanticism. Let us not forget that both intellectualists and intuitionists are seeking higher spiritual levels, and that for both the higher spiritual level stands for a closer contact with reality. They differ according as they hold that intellectual analysis reveals reality or veils and distorts reality. The romanticist believes that his intuitions, impressions, feelings, insights, however he may name them, both bring him into a closer touch with reality than any process of reasoning or analysis and raise him to a higher level of spiritual being. Yet we are not to say that some mental processes are exclusively intellectual, while others are exclusively intuitive. Every actual, perhaps every conceivable, mental process is in the same breath both. The difference is a matter of degree, and our choice is a matter of tendency, or direction.

I shall pass briefly and somewhat dogmatically over the grounds for rejecting the intuitional path. When I try to make clear to myself the essence of spirituality, I find myself confronted always with the fundamental contrast presented by the locomotives and the waterfalls, which move but are not conscious of moving; the barnyard fowls, which seem to be only darkly con-

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scious of what they are doing and where they are; and our human fellows, who show in widely varying degrees a clearer consciousness of living, which, however, falls always far short of being perfectly transparent. And when I try to define our spiritual strivings, or, as a romanticist might say, our strivings for a greater measure of "life," it seems to me that, whatever else is implied, they all point in the end to the fundamentally spiritual struggle for a greater *consciousness* of living. The heaviness of the flesh, for example, is the heaviness of darkness and confusion among groping instincts; and the freedom of spirit for which we all yearn is the freedom of a clear self-consciousness with regard to our desires. To live, not by the blind impulsion of instinct, but by the light of a clear consciousness of living—this it is that marks us off, though still incompletely, from all other creatures; and this I take to be the distinctive mark of "life," "freedom," and "spirituality."

But at its lowest terms this consciousness of living is analytic. If the hen's "reaction" to her chicks is different from her reaction to her neighbor's ducklings, and if the difference between chicks and ducklings makes any difference in her consciousness, then I say that the hen is guilty, however slightly, of the logical process of distinction and identification. And if the logical element is absolutely nil, then to me the hen's "instinctive" reaction differs in no essential feature from the instinctive reaction of my typewriter, which always writes "a" when I strike the key marked "a." Consciousness without intellectual analysis, spirituality without intelligence, I hold to be a contradiction in terms; abstract all intelligence from a movement, and nothing is left but a bare mechanical fact.

The same is true upon any higher plane. When the romantic lover of music tells me that he disdains all constructive analysis of a symphonic movement into themes, introductions, recapitulations, or what not, on the ground that analysis interferes with enjoyment and dulls the sense of spiritual meaning, I am compelled to wonder how it comes about that he attaches a different meaning, say, to Bach's Fugue in G minor and to the Prelude of Lohengrin, and why it should make a difference to him whether the orchestra plays a symphony of Beethoven or a symphony of César Franck. And if he takes his stand upon the difference in feeling, then, while admitting the difference, I shall still have to ask him how feeling differs from digestion and the enjoyment of music from the enjoyment of wine. To my view the difference between feeling and digestion lies in the fact that any feeling, even the feeling of alcoholic stimulation, contains the quality of intelligence; abstract all intelligence from the feeling, and what is left is a bare physiological state. And in like fashion the enjoyment of beauty differs from the enjoyment of wine by the presence of a finer activity of intelligence; abstract from the finer intelligence, and one form of intoxication is as spiritual as another. But by intelligence I mean always some degree of intellectual analysis.

II.

At this point we face the romanticist's stock objection: namely, that the effect of analysis is to convert a living reality into a bundle of dry bones. And when we survey the results offered by the conventional forms of intellectualism it appears that the objection is not without ground. Indeed, it looks now as if we stood between the devil and the deep, mysterious sea. For how shall we come into spiritual touch with the world except by making the world distinct? Yet it seems that the moment we adopt any of the more formal methods of making the world distinct, we find ourselves driven by an irresistible logic to a world which is at best the ghost of the world of living experience.

Such, it strikes me, is the world offered by modern science — so far, at least, as modern science, not content with the pragmatic rôle of guiding us from one immediate fact to another, pretends to introduce us to ulterior realities. Viewed in this light, modern science is now perhaps the chief among recognized exponents of intellectualism. Now, according to modern science, the fundamental condition of intellectual analysis is that it shall be impersonal; the world of our experience must be purged of all traces of interpretation, personal or human. But very curious results seem to follow. As I rise in the morning I see before me the Sierra Madre, her rugged surfaces, pierced by deep canyons, presenting a splendid mosaic of blue, green, and purple against the early sun; a whiff of the eucalyptus comes to me as I take a deep breath; and to my ear the twittering of birds. Such is the world of my experience, an interesting world, if not always attractive. I submit my world to the analysis of science—and behold! Not only, of course, does the Sierra become an inert, insensitive mass, but it now turns out that all the marvellous displays of color are but so many agitations of a formless ether, differing from one another only in extent and rate. The songs of the birds are but so many agitations of the air. The odor of the eucalyptus means only that some minute particles, in themselves odorless, have impinged upon my nostrils. In the world of scientific analysis there are no colors, no tones, no odors, no tastes, but only—what?

In the last analysis, no one seems to know. Motion, it seems, is certainly there; yet in the analyses of recent years motion shows a tendency to swallow all that there is to move. Ostwald to the contrary, it seems that energy can hardly be there; for energy is an interpretation of change by our own sense of muscular effort. And by the same token there should seem to be no trees and no mountains. For if you pause to think of it, a tree is only a collection of particles —or of centres of motion, or what not—distinguished by us from the surrounding atmosphere, which is likewise composed of particles, by the vulgar fact that our senses note differences of color and resistance. Scientific analysis assures us, however, that both the color and the resistance are subjective impressions, and that the real difference between the tree and the surrounding air is that the particles of the tree are less volatile and closer together; which being interpreted seems to mean that the tree is in the last analysis an artificial group of particles, distinguished for human convenience, like the bear in the stellar universe and the man in the moon. In the mind of God —the God of natural science, who, being untroubled by motives of convenience and subject to none of the limitations of the senses, regards the world from a standpoint strictly and exclusively scientific—there should be no more thought of a tree in the field than of a man in the moon. In other words, to the mind so fortunate as to realize the scientific ideal the world would be a formless mist of mathematical points.

Such, it seems to me, is the intellectualism of scientific method when carried to its intellectualistic conclusion. A similar result appears when we apply the same treatment to the new mathematical logic which, under the marshalship of Mr. Bertrand Russell, is just now asserting imperial rights over the domain of thought. The point is not that the world, or worlds, which these schools offer us are extremely uninteresting—though I am not ready to admit that this would be an invalid objection—but that they are vacuous. The scientific method offers us the conception of a "block-universe"—something apparently very solid. The mathematical logic resolves you and me, and all the rest of creation, into *quasi* number-series and geometrical patterns—conceptions apparently very clear. But these conceptions mean only that the method has not done its worst. When we analyze the block-universe a little further, the blocks appear to lose their solidity and to pass into mere patterns or series; and presently the patterns and series, released from the individualizing limitations of human interests, begin to exhibit the uncertain character and the unexpected transformations of the patterns of wall-paper when we are slightly fevered.

With this type of intellectualism before us, we may perhaps comprehend, even if we do not pardon, the anti-intellectualism of M. Bergson; and we may even sympathize with his preference for intuition. To understand his position we have to remember that this mathematical intellectualism is peculiarly characteristic of the French mind, and that evidences of it are to be found everywhere in French philosophy and French literature; and, further, that the French mind never hesitates before the logical conclusion. M. Levy-Bruhl has remarked that, while English philosophers have been mostly men of the world and German philosophers theologians, most of the French phi-

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losophers have been mathematicians and physicists. M. Levy-Bruhl has himself illustrated the mathematical type of mind by distributing all the world between the races that think according to the law of contradiction and the races that think according to the equally definite "law of participation." Nothing could be neater unless it be the household budget of one of the characters in Balzac's novels, or, better, the composition of the character itself. In Balzacian "realism" each individual develops his special quality and attitude with the clockwork precision of a mathematical demonstration. M. Taillefer loses his son; on the same day he sends for his rejected daughter; *quod erat demonstrandum.* This is French intellectualism applied to the analysis of human character; and the result is apt to be grotesque. Hence it is that Bergson restricts intellectual analysis to the humbler function of making our living. In his view, an intellectualist is one who sees all of life from the standpoint of a mechanical engineer.

To my view the ground of criticism lies deeper. Before rejecting intellectualism as intellectualism, it is well to inquire how far the motive and process are intellectual. And my criticism would be that the intellectualism of scientific method and mathematical logic ceases to be intellectual just at the point where scientific method becomes a settled philosophy of life. We have to remember that the essence of such intellectualism consists in a stoically rigid adherence to rules of thought which have been formulated once for all. Now I hold that where rules of thought become once for all fixed, thought ceases. And if you protest against the absurdity of applying such a suggestion to men of the intellectual status of mathematicians and logicians, then I shall point out that the chief function both of logicians and of mathematicians is to formulate rules for others to use. To develop a rule, or formula, of logic or of algebra, may be a process of an intellectual analysis; to follow a rule is a process relatively mechanical; only an unconscious mechanism can illustrate a rule completely.

The point may be easily illustrated by reference to the rules for using logarithms: add or subtract the logarithms and you perform a process of multiplication or division upon the corresponding numbers. Now, to grasp the rationale of this rule is clearly a process of intellectual analysis. But the very purpose of formulating the rule is to spare ourselves this strain upon the attention. Indeed, the whole purpose of mathematical formulæ, as any mathematician will explain, is to procure "economy of thought." And we need not deny that in the economy of life as a whole this is a most necessary purpose. But this only serves to show that when the rules, whether of algebra or of logic, have begun to fulfil their economic function, thought has so far ceased. In point of fact, few of the thousands who use logarithms could give you a reason for the rules; strictly speaking, they do not know what they are doing. In this respect the logarithmic calculator differs in no essential feature from the familiar adding-machine. If the human calculator is to be credited with intellectual analysis, it seems unjust to refuse the same credit to the machine.

III.

But if this is a false brand of intellectualism, then in what does a genuine intellectualism consist? Perhaps I can best explain by adducing the German "intellectualism" as a "horrible example" of what intellectualism is not. As I have elsewhere hinted, more than political issues are involved in the present war; by common consent it seems that scientific "intellectualism" is at war with a less intellectualistic "humanity." And even those who oppose Germany upon moral grounds seem compelled to admire the intellectual splendor of her organization, complete "to the last shoe-string."

I do admire, but my admiration is much qualified by the thought of other things. More important for the German calculation than shoe-strings was the attitude of the rest of the world; and at this point it seems that the calculation wholly failed. The Germans were evidently disappointed when England decided to fight. They were both surprised and pained when Belgium declined their polite request and rejected their equally polite reassurances. They were again pained to learn that, in spite of a traditional good will, moral sentiment in America was overwhelmingly against them. And their bland offers of German culture to the friendly Scandinavians seem only to have created suspicion.

The truth seems to be, if I may put it somewhat too simply, that, with all his science, the German is unable to grasp the point of view of a non-German mind; least of all can he see himself as reflected in that mind; and just for this reason he is unable to take a sane and balanced view of himself; he lacks critical intelligence.

This critical intelligence I take to be the essence of any genuine intellectualism. It is because of their rejection of such criticism that I decline to admit the mathematical and scientific intellectualists, and with them all the intellectualists who take their stand upon "pure logic," to the higher order of intellectuals. Far be it from me to make light of mathematical and scientific analysis. Briefly, I prefer to admit that such analysis constitutes a positive advance both in knowledge of ourselves and in knowledge of the world. But I insist that, if intellectual analysis is to maintain its intellectual character, if it is to continue to be a process of thought, then it must keep ever in mind both the process of analysis and the point of view from which the analysis is made; and these ever-developing considerations I hold to be determining, not merely for a knowledge of self, but for an objective knowledge of the world.

The intellectualism of modern science stands for an attitude precisely opposite. I am referring now, not to the personal attitude of scientists, which may be as critical as you please, but to the recognized theory of "modern science." The fundamental contention of modern science is that it deals with positive facts, finally disentangled from the warping influences of human points of view. Science must ignore all points of view if positive science is to be distinguished from theoretical, not to say romantic, speculation. Accordingly, the scientist never, except by courtesy, says, "I think"; he uses always the impersonal "is." For what he thinks has nothing to do with what is true.

From the standpoint of a genuine intellectualism, this is mere naïveté; and naïveté means that intellectual analysis has come to an end. He who has abstracted from the fact of his thinking has ceased to think; and when his point of view is buried out of sight he is no longer in position to make an objective judgment of the world. For in the last analysis we can never get rid of our point of view. And error arises, not from the operation of a personal or human point of view, but from its unconscious operation.

Much more needs to be said to make the bearing of this clear. I shall simply add one remark in reply to the romanticist. Any analysis that resolves a work of art or a work of nature into a bare mathematical scheme is, so far, not intellectual, but naïve. No one who remains conscious of his mental processes can suppose that his analysis is exhaustive. Against such superficial finality, self-consciousness is a sure protection. On the other hand, the greatness and mystery of a work of art or of nature are for those who have attempted "the last analysis"; for those who are satisfied with mere feeling they remain a mere form of words.

Correspondence

THE TRANSFER AND CAPTURE OF THE DACIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Dacia was one of a large number of ships of the German merchant marine, interned in neutral ports, worth many millions, and destined to remain till the end of the war. A question arose whether these vessels might be transferred to the flag of the United States, loaded, and restored, directly or indirectly, to Germany, the Government being warned that extreme caution was necessary to prevent international entanglement.

After purchase of the Dacia, American registry was granted, and application for insurance, for ship and cargo, to the Federal War-Risk Bureau, was refused. The destination of the ship was the German port of Bremen. The British Government from the first objected to the transfer, fearing lest American registry should become a shield to discard her American nationality. To meet this objection the new owner changed his routing to the Dutch port of Rotterdam. But there were also other imputations, such as German insurance and certain German re-

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versionary interests, unnecessary to consider here.

The State Department had not advised the owners to make the voyage, but had communicated what was the attitude of the British Government, placing the risk on the shoulders of the owner. By this time Secretary of State Bryan "washed his hands of the matter." For what reason, it may be conjectured. There followed much apparent hesitation, all of which was perplexing to those who had supposed the new flag was to prove all-sufficient. The cargo alone was valued at $700,000.

A stanch adherent of the Government was "impelled" to say the position of the Administration was not clear. It seemed "to encourage the experiment with the Dacia, yet its Insurance Bureau has refused to take any risks upon the ship." This was previous to February 27, when the Dacia arrived at Brest, in charge of a French cruiser, after seizure, which was regarded in Washington as "a matter of tremendous interest and importance," while in New York the "fact that the French instead of an English warship would take her in custody had been foreseen." In Washington, the seizure was described as "the shifting of the initiative from Great Britain to France," which is not correct, because each of the Allies possesses a municipal sovereignty, and France had a right to raise a question against her enemy which another ally may not have found it necessary to raise. The general rule requires a captor to send the vessel seized to a port of his own nationality, for adjudication, as the courts of no other nation, whether an ally or co-belligerent, can maintain cognizance of the cause.

The issue now will depend upon the law of France, and the law as to nationality of the ship in France is that *the title can in no case be changed or validly transferred after declaration of war.* Once an enemy ship, always an enemy ship. Not only is this the case at the port of adjudication, but the same is the law in Germany. So strictly is the rule adhered to in Germany, that any ship found under the flag of her enemy at any time after declaration of war, *or within a fortnight previous to that date,* would suffer condemnation.

Correspondence and statements from American officials, between 1854 and 1879, are cited to show that the Federal rule is not in accord with that administered in the French Prize Court. At three intervals during this period of twenty-five years, Attorney-General Cushing and three Secretaries of State—Marcy, Fish, and Evarts—expressed themselves as above, yet it strikes one as peculiar that no decisions or prize cases to that effect are relied on; nor may it be supposed that any such authority exists. And it is not pretended that a transfer of an enemy ship to a purchaser, unless in case of a sale, as between strangers, and absolutely free from all collusion and all conditions, in no manner to favor the enemy, could ever be effected in any maritime nation.

A very important American prize court case, decided during the period covered by the references from the really distinguished statesmen just referred to, which will be found in the archives of that court, is likely to be regarded as binding. This authority ought to be conclusive to show that a similar rule is recognized in the courts of Germany, Russia, France, and the United States. It was decided fifty years ago at Boston, Mass., and has never been overruled. The facts are furnished by Sir Percy Bates, head of the well-known ship-owning firm at Liverpool.

The Georgia, a Confederate warship, dismantled, was sold to Mr. Bates's firm, after assurance from the Custom House authorities, upon instructions from the British Government, that the vessel should receive a British register. Under the new register the ship was chartered to the Portuguese Government. She left Liverpool, flying the British flag, on August 8, 1864, and was captured near Lisbon by the United States cruiser Niagara. In spite of her British register and flag, and neutral cargo destined to a port in West Africa, she was convoyed to Boston by a prize crew, and there was condemned. There never was a question of the bona-fides of the sale, or that the court in Boston decided on any other ground than that upon which so many similar cases have been disposed of in Germany and France, viz., that no belligerent ship can be transferred during war to sail under a neutral flag.

R. WEATHERBE.

Halifax, March 22.

THOMAS SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF PATRICK HENRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an interesting paper which Mr. Charles Henry Hart, the expert in American portraits, read before the American Historical Association eighteen months ago, he sought to show that the usually accepted portrait of Patrick Henry, by Thomas Sully, was painted after a portrait of Captain Cook, the explorer, by Nathaniel Dance.

This was a repetition of Mr. Hart's "remarks" on the same subject, made in 1911 before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, and reprinted from the Proceedings, in 1913. In this pamphlet, he says:

"My authority for the genesis of this Sully portrait of Patrick Henry was his grandson, the Hon. William Wirt Henry, of Richmond, who a quarter of a century later published the life and writings of his grandfather, but who, in the lapse of twenty-five years, underwent, for some unexplained reason, a change of heart on the subject from what he previously had, as will appear from his statement on p. 651 of Vol. 2 of his biography. He writes regarding the Sully portrait of Patrick Henry:

" 'The author received the following information from his father, John Henry, the youngest son of Patrick Henry, in regard to the Sully portrait, from which the etching in the first volume has been made. During the trial of the British Debt Cause in the United States Court at Richmond, a French artist attended and painted a miniature of Patrick Henry, representing him as speaking. The artist presented the miniature, set in gold, to Mr. Henry, who afterwards gave it to the wife of his half-brother, Mrs. John Syme. While Mr. Wirt was preparing his life of Patrick Henry, he was allowed by the Flemings, descendants of Col. Syme, to have a portrait painted by Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia, from the miniature. The artist copied the miniature, with some slight alterations as to the wig, suggested by Chief Justice Marshall. . . . Afterwards Mr. Wirt, while Attorney-General of the United States, presented the portrait to John Henry, who was living at Red Hill with his mother. He was too young when his father died to have remembered him, but his mother and older brother and sisters pronounced it the best likeness they ever saw of Patrick Henry. John Henry gave this portrait at his death to the author.' "

William Wirt Henry was a lawyer of high standing in Richmond, scrupulously truthful, a careful talker and writer, and of safe memory. In 1891 he published his Life of Patrick Henry, which he had been engaged in writing for many years. Mr. Hart's recollection of his verbal statement goes back to 1866, some forty-five years before Mr. Hart gave it publicity. It cannot be accepted as having weight against the written statement. I am now able to show that the written statement was based upon a memorandum of John Henry, Patrick Henry's son, and father of William Wirt Henry. It was recently put in my hands by William Wirt Henry's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Henry Lyons, of Richmond, and is as follows:

"My father's portrait in the parlor at Red Hill was presented to me by the late William Wirt while Attorney General, U. S. It was painted by Thomas Sully at Philadelphia from a miniature painting by a French Artist while the British Debt Cause was under discussion before the Federal Court in Richmond —presented to my Father by the French Artist set in Gold, who presented it to his Sister in Law Mrs. Syme of Hanover, Va. The miniature was put into the hands of William Wirt while he was writing the life of Henry, & by him returned to the Fleming Family of Hanover descendants of Mrs. Syme. After he had finished the sketches and after Mr. Sully had painted the portrait from it, who was assisted by Chief Justice Marshall in suggesting some alterations from the miniature.

"The portrait was hung up in the Academy of fine arts in Philadelphia & taken down & sent to me by Mr. Wirt as a present

JOHN HENRY.

Red Hill
Novem. 5, 1854."

Of course, in some of the details of his statement, John Henry may have been mistaken. The painter of the miniature may not have been a Frenchman; he may not have sketched his subject in 1791; on these points Mr. Henry was speaking from tradition; but he was nineteen years old when Thomas Sully painted the portrait from the miniature, and was in a position to have direct knowledge concerning the portrait.

But that the portrait by Thomas Sully is based upon the miniature is apparent to the eye. Taking Mr. Hart's reproduction of both, or, still better, taking Sully's portrait as reproduced in the frontispiece of George Morgan's "The True Patrick Henry," and the miniature as reproduced by Mr. Hart, we see a slight difference in the tilt of the head, some changes in the wig, and a decided rejuvenation of the face; but the curve of the hair over the forehead, the lines from the nose to the mouth, the creases in the stock, the line of the stock against the waistcoat—these and other small points of coincidence, and the general similarity of appearance, make it certain that the painter of the portrait had the miniature before him when he worked. We find no such similarity between Sully's portrait and the portrait of Captain Cook as Mr. Hart gives it. Hair, eyes, forehead, nose, mouth, dress are all different. In point of fact, the truth of Mr. William Wirt

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Henry's statement about the portrait by Sully seems to be as clearly established as any statement of the kind can be.

GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, D. C., March 22.

EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 18, 1915, under the title "The Higher Education of the Negro," you assert that the negro race must have intelligent and well-taught clergymen, teachers, physicians, and lawyers, to say nothing of the other professions, and then you quote the first report of the General Education Board to the effect that the mere attempt "to deliver the traditional college curriculum to the negro does not constitute a higher education"; that what is needed is "the establishment of college curricula which shall be adapted from time to time to the needs, environment, and capacity of the negro student." With this you proceed to say that "you are in the main heartily agreed, and in so far as the opposition to the higher education of the negro is based on a belief that subjects are taught him which can have no practical value for him, this programme would properly meet the objection."

The initial statement of the General Education Board calls for no comment because, in the first place, the "traditional college curriculum" is obsolete; in the second place, to say that "the mere attempt to deliver it does not constitute a higher education" is so obvious that it hardly requires affirmation; and, in the third place, no negro college in the country is even attempting it. Exception, however, may be taken to the second statement because, if it means what it seems to mean, it is a virtual recommendation that the usual college curriculum should be modified to meet the current estimate of the needs, environment, and capacity of the negro.

For obvious reasons the great majority of the negroes who desire a higher education must be prepared in negro high schools and educated to graduation in negro colleges and professional schools. The definition of standards has made great progress in the United States during recent years owing to the work of such bodies as the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the American Medical Association, the Association of American Universities, etc. Reasonably accurate definitions of what constitutes a standard high school, college, university, and professional school have been arrived at; and, furthermore, these standards have been legalized in most of the States. Hence, unless a man has pursued such a standard course he cannot practice either as physician, dentist, or lawyer, and in education he will be denied certificates except for the most elementary work. Double standards of professional efficiency are impossible in a country like ours, and thus, if the recommendation of the General Education Board is adopted, it means the closing of the door of opportunity to all but the favored few among negro youth.

This also puts the negro college in a critical position. If it deviates from the standard college in subjects taught and time given and preparation required, it is *ipso facto* excluded from the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; the General Education Board and the other benevolent foundations can only help it by breaking their own rules; the educational departments of the various States must at once withhold from it and its degrees all legal recognition.

Surely, in view of past and present services, the institutions that are attempting the difficult task of maintaining adequate higher and professional education for negro youth deserve better treatment. The 5,000 negro college men and women are doing more than their proportionate share in social work. Indeed, how great would be the loss if the college man should cease to find a place in the present faculties of the industrial schools? When the Atlanta *Constitution* a few months ago lamented that so much money was being used in teaching the negro "useless things" and so little in preparing him vocationally, that was a mistake in fact easily corrected by consulting the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education. When President W. H. P. Faunce says in his book "The Social Aspects of Foreign Missions" that "the negro race in America was, for the first decades after the Civil War, largely misled by its ambition to get free from manual labor and acquire Latin, Greek, and mathematics," he is merely repeating a myth which has been disproved many times. These are excusable mistakes. That one of the great benevolent agencies of the country should depreciate the work of the negro colleges and advocate a course which would virtually eliminate them as recognizable factors from our educational system is not so easily explained. I regret that the *Nation* should see fit to agree heartily with such a proposal.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Lincoln University, Pa., February 20.

[The *Nation* would be the last paper to depreciate the work of the negro college. So far as we know, there is no disposition on the part of the General Education Board or any intelligent student of the problem to restrict college opportunities for the race. The report of the Board and our editorial were intended merely as a warning against slavish imitation in curricula, and a recommendation that each colored college study the situation which it has to meet and the needs it must fill.—ED. THE NATION.]

A QUESTION OF AUTHORITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Definition, of course, is an uncertain matter, hardly a science unless the field is extremely narrowed. "Eminent men," "distinguished divine," "able politician"—there is a chance for subtlety in fixing such terms. For instance, "prominent Southerner"—as in the following declaration: "It is a well-known fact that some years before the Civil War in America it was seriously proposed by prominent Southerners to make slaves of the 'mean,' that is, the poor whites." (See opening address of Prof. John Perry, F.R.S., before the Australian meeting of the British Association; section L, in *Nature*, October 1, p. 128.) American literature, in all its territory, is as yet little explored. Is it possible that Professor Perry is quoting from a Southern satirist of the rare order, to which belonged the composer of "The Argument Against Abolishing Religion," and "The Conduct of the Allies"?

A. J. MORRISON.

Hampden-Sidney, Va., March 20.

Literature

AN INDIAN FEUD.

The Indian History of the Modoc War. By Jeff C. Riddle. San Francisco: Alexander M. Robertson. $2.50.

The story in this book is told in characteristic Indian fashion. The author is an uneducated Modoc of the half blood, his father being a squaw-man and Government interpreter. He was a boy when the Modoc war of 1872 occurred, and a personal witness of much that led up to it; and he asserts that most of the commonly accepted accounts ignore or misstate certain preliminary conditions which, if fairly considered, would make Captain Jack's outbreak appear less wanton. According to Mr. Riddle, it was not the Modocs who started the trouble, but the Pit River Indians, their neighbors to the south. Before the white people began to pour into Pacific Coast States in the later forties, the Modocs were living peacefully in southern Oregon, on the shore of what is now known as Tule Lake, near the mouth of Lost River; and, far from cherishing any hostility towards the immigrants, they were at first afraid and later fond of them. About 1853, however, the Pit-Rivers waylaid a wagon train of miners and their families and killed several of the party. Those who escaped gave the alarm in the nearest white settlement, and a strong posse was sent out to capture the murderers. The posse, in scouring the region, met a good many Modocs, but found them entirely friendly. That night, some twenty Pit-Rivers crept up to the edge of the posse's camp, and hid in the grass and brush till the one sentinel had fallen asleep like his companions; and here comes a passage reminiscent of the opening of "Marco Bozzaris":

> The white boys were dreaming of their sweethearts or their homes. All at once their dreams were cut short. When they awoke, they heard the Indian war-whoop, which was so well known by all the old frontiersmen.

Few of the whites were injured, and one of them did some execution with his revolver. In the morning the posse moved on, and presently came upon a handful of Modocs of both sexes quietly preparing breakfast. Without pausing to find out whether they were friends or foes, the whites opened fire, and of the fourteen Indians only three got away alive. That was the first Modoc blood ever shed by white hands, and it was the beginning of a prolonged race vendetta, as indiscriminate and as dishonorable on the one side as on the other. Captain Jack's father was among the Indians who insisted upon the extermination of the whites, but Jack, boy as he was, did his best to counteract the old man's influence and prevent retaliations.

In 1869, owing to the frequency of race clashes, the Government told the Modocs that they must leave the country they then occupied and go over to the Klamath Agency in Oregon. Jack, meanwhile, had risen to chief-

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ship, and by his advice the Modocs consented to go, on condition that they should be protected from the Klamaths, whom they did not trust. They took up their home where the Government directed, the agent furnished them with woodsmen's tools and tackle, and Jack set his men at work cutting rails. But as soon as they had got a lot cut, a party of Klamaths suddenly appeared with wagons and teams, and proceeded to haul off the rails for their own profit, declaring, in response to Jack's protest, that that was Klamath country, that whatever the land produced belonged to the Klamaths, and that the Modocs had no business there. Jack carried the dispute to the agent, who advised him to move his people a little further north, where they would be out of the way of the Klamaths.

No sooner had the Modocs started another logging camp in the new locality, than the Klamaths swooped down once more and carried off the cut and dressed rails. Jack appealed to the agent to interfere, only to be greeted with an outburst of profanity and threats, and forbidden to do any more complaining. So the Modocs in despair quitted the Klamath reservation, and returned to their old quarters near the mouth of Lost River. By 1872, the Government awoke to their breach of discipline, and sent a body of troops to move them back to the reservation. The Indians, called to a council and ordered to disarm, threw their guns down in a pile. But a dispute arose between a subordinate officer and Scar-Face Charley, who insisted on his right to keep his revolver since he had given up his gun; both men drew their pistols and fired, which was enough to cause every Indian to pick up his gun again; and in a few minutes the battle became general, and the Modoc war was on.

The main story of the tedious campaign in the Lava Beds and the ill-fated errand of the peace commission is familiar to all readers of Indian history, but Mr. Riddle offers us some additional details. Only about a dozen Indians, he says, approved the plot to betray the commissioners and assassinate them, and Jack stood out against it till some of the more violent of his followers fastened a woman's hat on his head, threw him to the ground, and heaped indignities upon him as he lay there, calling him "squaw," "coward," and "fish-hearted" till he could endure it no longer and agreed to kill Gen. Canby with his own hand. Afterward he modified this consent by insisting that, if Canby would promise to give the Modocs a home somewhere else than among the Klamaths, no murder should be done. Riddle's mother, a Modoc woman named Wi-ne-ma, learned of the treacherous plans of the Indians, and warned the intended victims under the seal of absolute secrecy. Canby would not heed her advice to go into the council armed, scouting the idea that the Indians would play him false; moreover, he had given his word to come without weapons, and that ended it. Dr. Thomas, the clerical commissioner, likewise refused, declaring that God would not allow the Modocs to hurt the men of peace. But Mr. Riddle says that Thomas was not equally conscientious about his promise to Wi-ne-ma, allowing the fact to leak out that she had given warning—an indiscretion that nearly cost her her life. The so-called "peace talk" resulted, as we all know, in the deaths of Canby and Thomas, after Canby had refused to consider anything short of unconditional submission by the Indians; Commissioner Meacham was shot in seven places, taken for dead and partly scalped, but survived; Wi-ne-ma was wounded, but was still able to succor Meacham; and Interpreter Riddle and Commissioner Dyar escaped on their horses, though chased and shot at by the Indians.

At the hanging of four of the murderers, John Schonchin was the only one who showed weakness. His brother, a warrior who had had no sympathy with the plot against the Commissioners, stepped up to him and said: "I came here not to bid you farewell, but to see you die like a man. I see you lack courage. I see tears in your eyes. You would not and did not listen to me, so now I say I cast you to the four winds. You are no brother of mine. You put a black mark upon my name, although my word is as true as the sun. So now die. I cast you away!"

Granting his premises, and bearing in mind the low state of social development reached by the Modocs a half-century ago, one must admit that Mr. Riddle has made out a fairly good case for his people. It is too late now, however, to investigate the fundamentals of this plea; and in any event the most charitable verdict on Jack's treachery towards Canby, whom he knew to be wholly at his mercy, and acting in absolute good faith towards him, must be confined to recognizing the provocation he felt that the white race as a whole had put upon him.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Harbor. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Poole is not a Romain Rolland. It is not so clear that he has not tried to be. With "Jean-Christophe" his novel shares the method of dispensing with plot and of unfolding a soul chronologically, incident having no organic existence, but being invented merely to illustrate the successive stages of the soul's development. This subjective method is always dangerous in fiction: it does not make for the extensive finished scenes which we are accustomed to in the works of great writers, and which by their very objectiveness serve to classify a character among his fellows. So in "The Harbor" there is but one portion of the book which merits the name of scene, that which pictures a meeting of the I. W. W. In "Jean-Christophe" there are compensations. So vast is the compass of the work and so thoughtful a philosopher is its author that the reader is left, in some fashion, with a vivid likeness of the hero. Mr. Poole's book is much shorter and he is no philosopher; indeed, for one who has a propaganda at heart he is hardly even a thinker. For though he is careful to set his hero off from mere emotional reformers, the distinction is not at all evident. Billy develops from a reactionary æsthete to an advocate of "direct action" by responding sympathetically to the distressing hardships which he observes at first hand; his mental reaction is largely at second hand. The half-baked arguments of labor agitators, with which every one is familiar in these days, start within him no original trains of thought, but move him to undertake new pilgrimages of observation, and these carry his soul through various stages of emancipation. As a reasoned presentation of the case of labor the book is certainly not impressive.

Whatever artistry there is in this story is derived from the use made of New York Harbor. The reader does get an impression of this waterway as a gigantic means to both good and evil; its calm, almost detached beauty, the swarming squalor along its shores, and the possibilities of improvement. But Mr. Poole has overworked its artistic capabilities. To the reader it can never have, at least it does not have because of this story, the highly disturbing, the ever-pervasive presence which the hero is conscious of. But, then, it is not given to all readers to possess Billy's sensitiveness. Incidents abound in the book, however, to demonstrate that such sensitiveness is not wholly to be desired.

Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The quiet art of Miss Canfield, exhibited in "The Squirrel Cage" in depiction of a small Middle Western city, is here expended upon a sleepy New England village. More than in the earlier book appears the author's conviction that on such a stage, rather than the wider one of a metropolis, appears the real fulness and complexity of existence. "All novels appear to us [the inhabitants of Hillsboro] badly written, they are so faint and faded in comparison to the brilliant colors of the life which palpitates up and down our village street, called by strangers 'so quaint and sleepy-looking!'" It is in such a centre that a broken leg means far more than a vast accident in a city, and a single marriage brings forth more social emotions than a disastrous strike elsewhere. The seeing eye that makes this true is in very large degree Miss Canfield's, and the reader will instinctively compare her with Miss Mitford. With less grace of style or comprehensiveness of view, she has a better sense of narrative effectiveness, and a keener humor.

The Primal Law. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

In her last novel Mrs. Watts set foot upon dangerous ground. Her Jennie Cushing is technically a "fallen" woman, yet really rises to her utmost of character partly through the very haplessness of her sexual experience. In "The Primal Law" the same general idea is carried a step farther. This is, in truth, a harlot's progress of a new sort. The Mary Tinney of the narrative has a sexual experience almost as varied and mer-

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cenary as that of Smollett's Lady of Quality. At sixteen she escapes from the wretchedness of her struggle to live as a mill-hand, by running away with a drummer. He is kind, but vulgar and fickle. From him she advances to a horse-trainer, a fine fellow in his way. She is fond of him, but no more, and in due season makes a fresh arrangement with a Russian baron, with whom she lives for a number of years. When he leaves her she becomes mistress of an English lord. In the end, that is to say at the end of her career as a prostitute, she returns to America, as a widow, and becomes benefactor of the mill class from which she has sprung. Her redemption is in the fact that (like Jennie Cushing) she has been moved from the beginning by the determination to learn and to grow and to become her own mistress. All very well!—but we must wish that she had not been quite so many other people's mistress by the way.

A GENERAL WITHOUT A STAFF.

Napoleon at Work. By Col. Vachée. Translated from the French, with a Foreword by G. Frederic Lees. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

For many years after the Franco-Prussian War, the study of German war-literature imposed itself upon the French. Frankly copying German principles of organization and methods of mobilization, the French sought further to distinguish in the literature of their conquerors the principles, if any existed, to which these owed their success. We cannot say that the study of Clausewitz and of von Moltke became the fashion, but it was assuredly felt to be a necessity. As this investigation of the principles of war deepened, however, so did the conviction that it was, after all, unnecessary to cross the Rhine in order to learn a business in which on the whole the French had been tolerably successful themselves. Since principles are eternal and independent of any coördinates whatever, why not go back to Napoleon, the greatest war-genius that ever lived? The art of war was not made in Germany! It is in the great class of books growing out of this conviction that we place Col. Vachée's work.

Its title is ambitious: Napoleon was at work from Toulon to Waterloo, and civil matters no less than military engaged his attention, although not to the same degree of intensity. Col. Vachée, therefore, of necessity makes a choice. Taking Napoleon in the zenith of his career, he endeavors to show how the Emperor worked out one problem, if we may use that expression, the problem that terminated in Jena and Auerstädt. The book opens well enough with a chapter of generalizations on Thought and Decision, and follows this up with Execution, in two chapters. The first of these contains only generalities, but the second carries through a discussion of the orders issued as the campaign advanced. The close of the chapter (p. 75) brings us to the eve of the battles just mentioned. To any one wishing to read this book without losing the thread of the campaign we advise passing at once from p. 75 to p. 240, because the author, after bringing us to the very edge of the battlefield, breaks off for 165 pages with a description of Imperial Headquarters, an exposition of Superintendence, of Execution, and lastly an analysis of Napoleon's policy in the matter of Rewards and Penalties. These interpolated chapters have no more to do with the "concrete case" examined by the author than with any other concrete case in his subject's career. A slight change in the opening paragraphs of this portion of the work would almost enable it to stand as a separate book. In other words, the author has, it would seem, grouped under one title two separate efforts, linked by the condition that in each we have an exhibition of Napoleon's methods, different, of course, because applied to different ends, but both illustrating the measures he thought proper in order to compass those ends. It would have been better, in our opinion, to make chapters ix and x follow immediately after chapter iii, thus preserving the continuity of the narrative and respecting the unity of the subject. Even so, the remaining chapters would have been left, as it were, "in the air."

But of this, as of the original displacement itself, we lose sight, on asking ourselves what feature of Napoleon's method of working, as set forth in these pages, attracts our attention above all others. There can be no doubt about the answer: the fact that he worked without a staff. He could have exclaimed with perfect truth, "L'état major c'est moi." Of topographers, adjutants-general, A. D. C.'s, clerks, secretaries, he had an army. He was surrounded by the households of the great officers who accompanied him. But these, one and all, existed merely to record his decisions and to transmit his orders; the real work, from some of which he might properly have sought relief, he did himself. We are not sure that his adversaries were, in this regard, any better off than he was, nor can we undertake to say that he would have been better served if he had set about the training of a staff. The fact remains that he had none, as the word is understood to-day; he, apparently, never thought of such a thing, probably because so long as he retained his full vigor he never felt the need of one. It was von Moltke's opinion that, although great captains have no need of counsel, yet in the great majority of cases the leader of an army cannot afford to dispense with it. Certainly Napoleon stood less in need of advice in the business of making war than any other man that ever lived, but even he, supreme as he was, could very well be, and finally was, the victim of a subordinate's mistake. It is not inconceivable that a responsible staff might have converted Waterloo into a French victory.

A typical illustration of the staff work at his headquarters is that given on pages 60-63. Berthier sends (October 12) the Emperor's instructions to Murat, relating to the employment of his cavalry; the Emperor at the same time sends him differing instructions relating to the same thing. This, obviously, was the Emperor's fault, but a real chief of staff would have pointed out the contradictions. In the next case the chief of staff is to blame; in communicating the Emperor's orders that Murat and Bernadotte are to proceed to Naumburg, he omits to tell Murat that Bernadotte is to support him, gives Bernadotte no information whatever in respect of the general movement of the army, and fails to mention Davout's presence at Naumburg. Here, evidently, is room for confusion and delay. The author attributes this state of affairs to haste in the preparation of the orders, and says that it was "essential to act quickly, even at the cost of a few gaps in the wording of a document," but surely haste is not incompatible with accuracy, and a good staff is trained to work both quickly and accurately. Nor was the omission of possibly essential information from Bernadotte's instructions exceptional. The Emperor, to be sure, on October 5 saw fit to acquaint Marshal Soult with his plans, but if the orders of the campaign be examined as a whole, it will be found that, with the exception just given, he kept his plans to himself. There is a complete absence of that information as to the general manœuvre which might enable a subordinate more intelligently to carry out his own part. To be at the designated points at the indicated epochs of time was all his marshals needed to know; he would attend to the rest. Other examples are given, not drawn from the Jena campaign, in such numbers and of such gravity as to justify the author's conclusion "that the staffs were a weak point in the armies of the First Empire."

Col. Vachée's book will be of interest and value alike to the layman and to the professional man. Unprejudiced, holding no brief for his subject, the author has made a skilful use of contemporary memoirs and histories, and while bringing out in clear relief Napoleon, the working commander-in-chief, he has given us at the same time an unflattered portrait of him as a man. Mr. Lees's translation is well done, but misses a few technical expressions and misspells some proper names. A good, clear map of the battle of Jena should have been given.

M. POINCARE.

Raymond Poincaré. Anonymous. London: Duckworth & Co. 5s. net.

When the Parliament of the French Republic, sitting at Versailles, in January, 1913, announced its election of M. Raymond Poincaré as President, the world at large inquired, "Why Poincaré? Who is he? What has he done?" For the world at large these questions were still partly unanswered when war broke out eighteen months later, and events showed that, though he might be an unknown personality in other lands, M. Raymond Poincaré was the man preëminently fitted for his place—that his countrymen

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knew it, and gave him their unquestioning faith and support.

Of timely interest, therefore, is the record of his political life, bearing merely the title "Raymond Poincaré"—a book of anonymous authorship, which, nevertheless, is palpably the work of one of the well-known English correspondents at Paris, who is familiar not only with M. Poincaré's career as Deputy, Minister, and Premier, but also with its relation to and its effects upon the trend of events in French politics during the past twenty-five years. Still more, it is a character study, based upon his public speeches and the official records of Parliament, of the man who in the natural course of events will shape the policy of France in coming negotiations of peace, and will control the situation during the period of reconstruction that will follow, his term of office lasting until 1920.

What, then, has France and the world to depend upon in M. Poincaré? The nickname fastened upon him in his student days at the Sorbonne tells all, that of "Prudence Lorraine." In his later years, what was once called prudence has become moderation, and the fact that he belongs by birth to the province which still bears the name of French Lorraine assures even a stancher patriotism than that of Frenchmen less closely linked with the tragedy of the "lost provinces."

M. Poincaré had already made his mark in the law when, at twenty-seven, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Almost its youngest member, he kept his place with becoming modesty, and not until three years later, in 1890, did he make his first speech. M. Rouvier, in presenting his budget, was assailed by a storm of protest. It fell to the lot of M. Poincaré to speak in defence of it. Although he spoke in the presence of the Minister whose budget he was discussing, his mastery of the subject was apparent at once. The speech made him a marked man, and established him firmly as one henceforth to be reckoned with in debate.

Party alignments in French politics, owing to peculiar conditions, unknown in the United States, are as mobile as water, and there is scarcely a man known in French politics to-day whose career shows any consistent party stand, as Americans know the term—consistency in this respect being sacrificed to the power of various combinations among the thirteen political parties to carry some specific legislation. There is always an exception to be made to so sweeping a statement, and in this particular case the exception is proved by the career of M. Poincaré. The very reason that he has not been known outside of his native land is because he has been a strictly honest servant of the French Republic, and as such has never been dragged into the limelight of political scandal. At the time of the Dreyfus revision he was dangerously honest in many statements he made as to the ignorance of the Government of facts in the first trial. He has never flinched from speaking frankly on matters connected with the military needs of the country, even when public sentiment was ranged solidly against him—and always he preached moderation.

Three years after his first speech in Parliament M. Poincaré was Minister of Education in the Cabinet of M. Jean Dupuy—the youngest Minister so far in the history of the French Republic. It was during his tenure of this portfolio, which called for many speeches before students throughout France, that he sounded the first notes of the policy which he has advocated ever since, and which he has practiced in his every act as a public official—the necessity for moderation. Discipline, moderation, obedience to constituted authority—these were the themes upon which he dwelt again and again during a period when ultra-humanitarianism and anti-militarism constituted, as he clearly saw, a real danger to the Republic. The students of 1893 are the men of to-day, and the calm of France is the fruit of these counsels. Since 1890, M. Poincaré has held portfolios in five Cabinets and refused portfolios in four; has been Premier once and refused the Premiership once, so that in his own country he is by no means without recognition.

This is a book that can be cordially recommended as a sound work of contemporary history. The only criticism that we are tempted to make is that the author has written with the assumption that his readers will have a rather more intimate knowledge of French politics during the past generation than the American public is likely to possess.

A NONAGENARIAN ESSAYIST.

England's Peasantry, and Other Essays. By Augustus Jessopp. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Dr. Jessopp was a veteran among veterans. Born in 1823, he died a year ago, having been for some seventy years active as an English schoolmaster, clergyman, essayist, and antiquary. He had published a dozen books, and contributed many articles to the Dictionary of National Biography; had received various honors from church and university; was for eight years chaplain to Edward VII; and only in 1911 retired from active duty as Rector of Scarborough. These papers appeared originally in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and they pretty fairly represent the range of their writer's interests. "England's Peasantry—Then and Now" and "The Elders of Arcady" deal with the changes which had taken place in the condition of the agricultural class during the lifetime of the essayist. While he deprecates the charge of being *laudator temporis acti*, he is convinced that there is a modern danger in the other direction: "I am not the man to be looking for the golden age in the days gone by. God forbid! But I count it the worst form of scornful ingratitude to indulge in boastings over our advance by making the worst of the past, and speaking of the generations behind us as if they were conspicuous only for their ignorance, their grossness, their vices, and their brutality." He is convinced that the English yokel of a century ago was rather better off, materially and morally, than is generally supposed, and distinctly better off than the townsman of the same period. Despite all quaint tales of sporting and absentee parsons, it was in the country that religion found its asylum. There, too, were opportunities for at least rudimentary education such as could not be found in the towns.

In "A Country Parson of the Eighteenth Century" and "An Incident in the Career of the Rev. Luke Tremain" there is further use of that rustic lore which the author himself gathered at first-hand, with all the collector's gusto. The essays on St. William of Norwich and St. Martin of Tours are more serious, or more conventional, studies in curious episodes of history. The two concluding chapters, called "Defence or Reform?" and "Our Worn-Out Parsons," contain much frank speech about the English Establishment of to-day. The Church of England is, says this writer, "a society which exists for evangelizing this nation," and is worth maintaining. But it cannot be maintained in a rigid state: "That things should be allowed to go on as they are, and that the Church should be left for another generation without being subjected to some organic changes, or, failing these, should continue even to be tolerated as a political institution, seems to some of us an assumption entirely untenable. *Quieta non movere* will not do. There are only two ways of escape from the present position of the Church: we must boldly embark upon some statesmanlike experiments in the direction of reform, or we must make up our minds to submit to extinction." The Book of Common Prayer must be reformed, not blindly defended. It contains numerous rubrics which are of so obscure bearing as to have afforded opportunity for litigation year after year in the British courts. Its Calendar is guilty of absurdities and misprints innumerable. The whole question of Church property remains in a jumble. The tenure of Church offices is indefensible. A parish clerk once statutably appointed cannot be removed, whatever his neglect of duties or defects of character. A beneficed clergyman possesses a freehold from which he can be dislodged only for such offence as may bring him before a criminal court. Livings are still bought and sold. In short, the corruptions of the old English political and military systems still survive in her religious Establishment. Yet all this is still to be "defended." "A society that cannot bear reorganization when old things are passing and new things are in the air," cries our nonagenarian, "is a society that cannot be defended; it is actually *in articulo mortis*. . . . Is it conceivable that the Church of England by law established should be left stranded high and dry upon a mud-bank, because timid folks would have us think of her only as a grand old hulk, with a glorious record, indeed, of splendid victories and heart-stirring memories, but never to be trusted again to set her sails to the breeze?"

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Academic Societies

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

The 127th meeting of the American Oriental Society, which was held at Columbia University, New York, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Easter week, was notable both for the large attendance of members and for the number and variety of papers presented. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, as well as Connecticut, and even distant Chicago, sent representatives; but the absence of the Harvard members was much regretted.

The business portion of the session on Thursday afternoon departed somewhat from the usual routine, owing to changes in two of the administrative offices of the Society. The corresponding secretary, Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson, of Columbia, felt obliged to lay down the ever-increasing burden that he had carried for seven years, and Prof. F. W. Williams, of Yale, who for sixteen years had served as treasurer, declined reëlection by reason of his prospective absence from this country. The Society promoted Professor Jackson to the presidency for the ensuing year, imposing his former duties on Prof. Franklin Edgerton, of the University of Pennsylvania, and substituted in the treasurership Prof. A. T. Clay, of Yale.

At the close of the business session, the retiring president, Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered the annual address, choosing as his subject "Older and Later Elements in the Code of Hammurapi." After setting forth some of the evidence for tracing the codification of laws in Babylonia back to the border of the third millennium B. C., and showing that this codification represented an endeavor to adapt to later conditions the old underlying principles of law, which rested supposedly on divine sanction, Professor Jastrow explained how, through a careful analysis of the 284 sections of the Code of Hammurapi, promulgated by that King about 2100 B. C., it was possible in many cases to detect laws which merely represented later decisions modifying the older procedure. As particular instances manifesting the tendency of such modifications, the speaker pointed out the curbing of the authority of the husband and father over his wife and children in the domain of family law, and the series of statutes making special provision for distinct classes of the population, such as persons of humble station, slaves, and children of low or doubtful parentage. The substitution of fines for bodily punishments was another indication of later additions to the older portions of the Code. Taking all these factors together, Professor Jastrow developed the thesis that the Code of Hammurapi was proved to represent a growth parallel to that of the Pentateuchal Codes, in which similarly we find later decisions and specific cases and illustrations of the law, designed to modify and adapt underlying principles to later conditions. The Code of Hammurapi marks a culmination—the end of one era and the beginning of another. Up to a certain point, the Code remained a norm and standard; but, in a very definite sense, progressive social conditions brought about constant additions, accompanied by more or less decisive modifications in both legal practice and procedure.

The remaining sessions of the Society were devoted to the presentation of papers, but social gatherings at Columbia on Thursday evening and for luncheon on Friday, and the annual dinner on Friday evening, gave opportunity both for relaxation and for the informal interchange of ideas. At the session on Friday morning Prof. A. T. Clay described a fragment of an earlier Sumerian prototype of Hammurapi's Code, showing noticeable variations from other old Babylonian laws. One section, which provided that a son might demand from his father his due portion of the family inheritance and go out into the world to seek his fortune, was connected by the speaker in an interesting way with the legal and domestic situation depicted in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Papers dealing with technical points of Old Testament criticism were read by Mr. W. F. Albright and by Prof. M. L. Margolis, of Dropsie College, and Prof. Maurice Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins, discussed the meaning and etymology of the Vedic verb *varj*. The historical and literary sides of Indo-Iranian studies were touched on by Dr. Abraham Yohannan's (Columbia) notes regarding the tomb of Tamerlane and by Mr. B. B. Moore's diary of a day in Nishapur, the burial place of Omar Khayyám. Two papers of wide interest closed the session. Prof. J. D. Prince, of Columbia, discussed on the basis of new material the problem of the Hittite language, and indicated that its linguistic affinities were to be sought, not in the Indo-European languages, but in those of the agglutinative type. Mr. W. H. Schoff, of the Commercial Museum, Philadelphia, taking as his text the mention of "Seric iron" by Pliny, gave much information concerning the Asiatic trade in iron during Roman and mediæval times, and maintained that this highly prized steel must have been exported, not from China, but from southern India, the region in which the famous "Damascus blades" of the Middle Ages were manufactured.

The papers on Friday afternoon, in accordance with custom, were general in character and covered a wide range. Prof. L. C. Barret, of Trinity College, compared the development of Greek and of Hindu philosophy, contrasting the secular character of the former with the religious bent of the latter; and Professor Edgerton sketched the transition in the Vedic hymns from a nature-worshipping polytheism, through the stages of henotheism and monotheism, to pure pantheism. Prof. J. H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, spoke upon the two early modes of writing, that by incision or impression upon a soft substance, represented by the Assyrian cuneiform, and the Egyptian use of pen and ink on a papyrus roll, the prototype of our modern written records. He proceeded to show, by means of archæological illustrations, how western Asia was invaded by the system from the Nile, and concluded by renewing the suggestion of Egyptian influence in connection with the origin of the alphabet. Prof. Paul Haupt's (Johns Hopkins) discussion of the ancient names of Damascus likewise related to remote antiquity, whereas the review by Dr. Talcott Williams (Columbia) of the shifting tides of migration through Asia Minor, "the sluice-way of the nations," embraced nearly forty centuries in its comprehensive scope. Dr. J. D. Steele gave some notes of travel in Turkey and Palestine, and Mrs. A. C. Edwards pictured the tissue of intrigue spun between Shah Abbas of Persia and the Moghul Emperors Akbar and Jahangir. In conclusion Dr. J. C. Ferguson, recently returned from a long sojourn in China, displayed photographs of early Chinese bronzes, dating from 2000 to 200 B. C., and, after remarking on the Chinese insistence upon the artistic expression of ideas, whether in ideographic writing or in plastic art, appealed to the members of the Society to give the Far East its due share of scholarly attention.

On Saturday morning Prof. R. G. Kent, of the University of Pennsylvania, presented interpretations and emendations of passages in the Old Persian Inscriptions, Mr. F. A. Cunningham gave further results of his studies in Babylonian chronology, Mr. J. T. Dennis showed ancient Chinese, Hittite, and Sasanian seals from his own collection, and Dr. C. J. Ogden spoke on an early Sanskrit drama recently published. Prof. C. C. Torrey, of Yale, interjected a lighter note by showing, from a contemporary life of Simeon Stylites, that the famous ascetic was also regarded in the popular belief as a protector of seafarers; for the saint is said on one occasion to have rescued a ship from a fiend, the ancient analogue of the Flying Dutchman, and also to have restored to its natural element another ship, which, having been caught up into the air by a whirlwind, was acting as an untimely aeroplane to the terror of all concerned. The final paper, by Dr. A. Ember, of Johns Hopkins, who brought forward further evidence of an affinity between the ancient Egyptian and the Semitic languages, led to an extended discussion, in which Professor Breasted highly commended Dr. Ember's work, while Professors Bloomfield and Jastrow advised caution regarding the general question of method. Indeed, all the sessions were marked by much interesting comment upon the various papers, and the only regret was that the limitations of time prevented members on the programme from presenting orally more than one communication apiece. Twenty-two papers were read in full or in abstract, the remaining twenty-seven by title merely.

Before final adjournment the Society accepted an invitation to hold its next meeting in Washington, D. C., on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, April 24 to 26, 1916.

C. J. O.

Notes

"A Far Country," by Winston Churchill, is announced for publication on June 2 by the Macmillan Company.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of two new volumes in the Drama League series, "Patrie," by Victorien Sardou, and "The Thief," by Henry Bernstein.

Harper & Bros. announce to-day the publication of "A-B-C of Housekeeping," by Christine Terhune Herrick, and six volumes of Hollow Tree Stories, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish on Saturday "Love in Danger," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis; "The Nutrition of a Household," by Edwin Tenney Brewster and Lilian Brewster; "Doodles," by Emma C. Dowd, and a Riverside Pocket Edition of the works of Thoreau, in eleven volumes.

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The following volumes will be published on Saturday by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Alfred the Great," by Beatrice Lees; "A Florentine Cycle," by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert; "Lights and Shadows in Confederate Prisons," by Homer B. Sprague; "An American Fruit Farm," by Francis N. Thorpe; "Campaigns of the 146th Infantry N. Y. Volunteers," compiled by Mary G. G. Brainard.

The John C. Winston Company announces the publication on Saturday of "The World War," by Logan Marshall. For publication next month this house announces: "The Factories and Other Lyrics," by Margaret Widdemer; "The Cry for Justice: An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest," edited by Upton Sinclair; "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena (1815-1821)," by Norwood Young.

"The War Book of the German General Staff," being the "Usages of War," issued by the Great General Staff of the German Army, has been translated with a critical introduction by J. H. Morgan, and is published by McBride, Nast ($1 net). With Mr. Morgan's introduction we need not specially concern ourselves. It covers ground well trodden in the past eight months—the Bismarckian diplomacy and its aftermath, the logical consequences of "Kultur," the philosophy of Treitschke. The interesting part of the volume is the actual text of the "Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege," which is, so the author declares, a "literal and integral translation." We have not the German text at hand for comparison, but the translation impresses us as being fair and conscientious. The footnotes of the author himself are distinguished from those of the original by being enclosed in square brackets, and, while Mr. Morgan is careful both in his introduction and in these footnotes to point the anti-German moral, the text is left to speak for itself. It is sufficiently eloquent to need no adornment by a commentator.

Here may be found authority, or at the least excuse, for the whole policy of "frightfulness" in Belgium and elsewhere, which is the charge laid against the German armies. There is almost a monotony of method in the book. We find, first, a tribute to the rules of warfare and the mitigations of its severity introduced by the progress of civilization. Such rules are highly desirable, and are usually to be observed; but there are, we are told, exceptional cases, and, on analyzing these, we discover that the exceptions are admirably calculated to stultify the rules. Thus the inhabitants of enemy territory have specific rights, and must be injured "neither in life or (*sic*) in limb, in honor or in freedom," but there are certain exceptions. For instance, the inhabitants may be compelled to furnish information about their own army, a measure which "cannot be entirely dispensed with," despite the admission that "the majority of writers of all nations are unanimous in their condemnation" of it; it will "be applied with regret, but the argument of war will frequently make it necessary" (p. 153). So in the matter of hostages "some professors of the law of nations have wrongly decided that the taking of hostages has disappeared from the practice of civilized nations," but an instance is cited from the war of 1870, in which the German Staff "compelled leading citizens from French towns and villages to accompany trains and locomotives in order to protect the railways' communications which were threatened by the people." This measure, we are told, was not only justified under the laws of war, "but still more in the fact that it proved completely successful." Similarly, private property is immune from spoliation, but the burning of houses and the shooting of inhabitants are justified by way of reprisals (p. 165), and, in fine, we get "The double rule: No harm must be done, not even the very slightest, which is not dictated by military consideration; every kind of harm may be done, even the very utmost, which the conduct of war requires or which comes *in the natural course of it*" (*p.* 162). In other words, everything is excusable on the plea of military necessity—a simple rule, which (p. 114) is expressly extended to "the exploitation of crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy."

The extent to which levies and requisitions may be made is carefully defined in article 40 of the Declaration of Brussels. These must bear "a direct relation to the capacity and resources of the country," and it is emphasized that "the conqueror is, in particular, not justified in recouping himself for the cost of the war by inroads upon the property of private persons" (pp. 177-178). Following these statements, we find a departure from the usual method; in place of a "but" we have a "therefore," and the argument is made from these premises that war levies are allowed as punishments; and so "war levies as a means of punishing individuals or whole parishes were very frequently employed in the Franco-Prussian War." Could justification for the arbitrary fines imposed on impoverished Belgian cities be more clear? To multiply instances would only be tedious, but in conclusion we may quote with approval the "War Book's" assertion (p. 189) that one of the duties of neutral states is "to prevent the subjects of both parties from marching through it." In view of the criminal conduct of Belgium, we may expect the chapter in which this passage occurs to be revised in subsequent editions.

Miss Maude Valerie White is, it is needless to say, a woman of considerable parts who, by her song-writing, has won for herself a respectable position in the world of music. Her reminiscences, however, in her autobiographical "Friends and Memories" (Longmans; $3.50 net) are personal rather than professional. Of her private and family life we hear much; of her public life, little or nothing. Indeed, of public life she had little or none. She accompanied Santley when he introduced her early songs at "Monday Pops" in the seventies. The Princess of Wales, now Queen Dowager, accepted one of her songs, and insisted on carrying it in her own hands to her carriage, in spite of the remonstrances of Ladies-in-Waiting and such small deer. Beyond this, "Friends and Memories" is a sprightly tale of the life of a clever, interesting woman in the latter half of the nineteenth century, enlivened by many pleasant "stories," typical of which is that of the dear old lady who introduced her relative as the composer of "The Devoted Husband"—a paraphrase of "The Devout Lover," which is racy of the time, and perhaps of the music. There be many who will read these pages with pleasure, if only because they "call back to memory days of long ago."

A "Pageant of the Thirteenth Century," destined to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of Roger Bacon, but abandoned on account of the war, has at least been recorded in the publication of the libretto (Columbia University Press). The plan and the notes are by John J. Coss, the text by John Erskine, and the illustrations by Claggett Wilson. The frontispiece contains in a memorial window a figure labelled Roger Bacon, but suggesting rather, with its set and angular features, the type of collegiate athlete familiar in advertisements. We pass through this very modern portal into something much more mediæval. The Pageant is divided into three parts. In the first, Averroes, who here pronounces his name Avérroes, ushers on the stage those historical heroes who laid the foundations for the Middle Ages. First come the doctors of the Church, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory; then Justinian and Roman law; then the revival of letters under Charlemagne and Alcuin; then Al Kindi and Arabic science. Averroes now vanishes and Bacon introduces Part II. Crusaders, troubadours, industrial gilds, a feudal court, and a miracle play make the proper setting for the third and biographical part. With St. Thomas to speak the prologue, we next follow Bacon's career at Oxford and at Paris, where the university, with some hesitation, confers the doctorate upon him. Finally, after an interlude which transports us to the Florence of Dante's time, Bacon, now a man of years, delivers what is for him the nearest possible approach to an *apologia pro vita sua*. Throughout the Pageant the material is skilfully and dramatically arranged. A Gregorian hymn, an old English carol, and snatches of Goliardic song add pleasantly to the illusion of their respective settings. The verse, if somewhat uneven at times, is clean and strong; indeed, the prologue to Part II, both as poetry and as a characterization of Bacon, is notably fine. The scenes are for the most part true to mediæval life, and when presented with all their appurtenances should be singularly effective. If a performance can be arranged after all, we would suggest a revision of the scene in which Charlemagne and Alcuin render the *Disputatio Pippini cum Albino scholastico*. That work, a *jeu d'esprit*, not without analogues in classical antiquity, is not representative of philosophy or education in the days of Charlemagne. In fact, Averroes hardly does justice, in his selected types, to the earlier Middle Ages. Perhaps we should expect no better of a heathen Arab. But at least St. Thomas, who knew his Boethius well, ought not to imply (p. 49) that there was no knowledge of Aristotle in the Middle Ages before the translations from the Arabic. Pier della Vigna (p. 36) is the only misprint that we have discovered.

It is impossible to give any adequate notion of the contents of the Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society, Volume XIV, without writing at greater length than would be permissible for this column. No one, of course, would take up the book expecting to find anything about Aristotle, but one would expect to find, and does find, most of the pressing philosophical questions of the day (more properly: very old and, for the most part, quite insoluble questions giving sport to the human mind under new names) discussed by the masters of the hour. The centre of the volume is occupied by A. Wolf's attack on Professor Schiller's attack on formal logic,

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and Professor Schiller's counter-attack on Dr. Wolf's attack. It is the validity of the reason at stake; and that, in one way or another, is the Protean debate that is now worrying the artist and the statesman and the literary critic, as well as the professional metaphysician.

Those who desire an eminently fair and comprehensive treatment of the Japanese immigration question ought to scan closely its discussion by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, the Japanese journalist, in the pages of his "Asia at the Door: A Study of the Japanese Question in Continental United States, Hawaii, and Canada" (Revell, $1.50). Mr. Kawakami's immediate sympathies are now on this side of the Pacific, his wife being an American and his children growing up to be American citizens. He has also trained his pen to appeal to the American public. His knowledge of the situation in places where the question is acute, as in California, Hawaii, and British Columbia, is at first hand, and of great value. Probably no writer on the subject to-day is better equipped to lay the facts before us, and point the lesson of fair play. He gives an inspiring account in chapter v of his countrymen's achievements in science and industry here in America. The weakness of the general treatment lies in an inadequate realization of the intense racial and national forces that are dominating the world to-day. "We are a singular nation," he remarks sarcastically, "letting big interests bring all sorts of aliens pell-mell, and when these aliens take hold, making our grumblings heard in a manner not always rational." Very true; but why "we," when our anti-Mongolian laws or their interpretation make it impossible for Mr. Kawakami to become naturalized? Dr. Scudder's Prologue is weakened by the same lack of political instinct. He calls Japan and China emphatically "the two best friends we have," ignoring the just claims of Great Britain and our sister republic of France, and his other historic references are unsatisfactory. Dr. Mabie's Epilogue strikes a fuller and clearer note.

The courts are engaged in the performance of a political and not a judicial function, when passing upon the constitutionality of statutes, is the central thesis of "The Judicial Veto," by Horace A. Davis (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net). While the author devotes two-thirds of his booklet to the support of the proposition "that our forefathers did not give the United States Supreme Court the power to annul acts of Congress," he admits that the value of this historical study "is almost wholly academic," inasmuch as the people have acquiesced for more than a century in this judicial usurpation. He has no hope of overthrowing the usurpers by direct assault. What he aims to accomplish is the substitution of what he calls "a common-sense remedy" for "an intolerable political situation." He insists that the State is as much concerned in the annulment of a law as in its enactment. Hence no law should be declared void in litigation between private parties. If any party thinks himself aggrieved by a statute, and can convince a judge that he is actually damaged by such legislative act, the judge shall certify this fact to the highest court of the State, which shall set an early date for a hearing. All persons interested, including the members of the Legislature which passed the act, shall have the right to intervene, and shall be untrammelled by rules of evidence. If the Court, with substantial unanimity, finds the statute unconstitutional, the injured parties shall have their claims allowed and paid by the State. Thereafter the statute shall cease to be law. That the proposed remedy is radical, all will agree. Few, we believe, will consider it a "common-sense remedy."

Science

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION.

An Ethical Problem, or Sidelights upon Scientific Experimentation on Man and Animals. By Albert Leffingwell. New York: C. P. Farrell. $2.50 net.

Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress. By W. W. Keen. With an introduction by Charles W. Eliot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

It is seldom that two books reflect so thoroughly the influence of the life-work of the respective authors as do those now under review. Dr. Leffingwell, as an advocate of the restriction and regulation of animal experimentation, is influenced by that strong sympathy for animals that characterized his labors for so many years as a president of the American Humane Society. Dr. Keen, in presenting the claims of animal experimentation as the most important factor in the development of modern medicine, and therefore in the alleviation of human suffering and the elimination of disease, speaks as the practical and optimistic surgeon who for fifty years has eagerly adopted and utilized every advance in scientific medicine as a humane effort in behalf of the sick and maimed under his care. Both received an education in medicine, and both are humane and sympathetic men, but their sympathies and their humanity lead them to opposite points of view. From this it would be hasty to conclude that Dr. Leffingwell is an out-and-out anti-vivisectionist; that is, an abolitionist who condemns all phases of biological investigation. He represents rather the restrictionist who holds that methods of research which include no animal suffering and which are of scientific utility are, within certain limits, justifiable. "An ethical problem exists. It concerns not the prevention of all experimentation upon animals, but rather the abolition of its cruelty, its secrecy, its abuse." Herein lies the crux of this vexed controversy concerning animal experimentation, or, as its opponents prefer to call it, "vivisection." It is about these terms "cruelty," "secrecy," "abuse," "futility" that the conflict rages. The ethical principle, that man has the right to use animals to discover new truths which may better explain human ills and upon which may be based methods for curing human disease and alleviating human suffering, is quite generally accepted, and, moreover, it is seldom that even the most ardent zoöphile opposes the use of insects and other lower forms of animal life in biological investigations which have no immediate practical bearing. Dr. Leffingwell appears to admit this broad ethical principle, for nowhere in his book can a definite statement to the contrary be found. His argument is devoted chiefly to the questions of cruelty, secrecy, and abuse, and to minimizing the importance of the progress in medicine which its advocates contend is the result of animal experimentation.

In his opening chapter under the caption, What Is Vivisection? Dr. Leffingwell attempts to portray the various gradations of opinion concerning the practice. Seven chapters are then devoted to a discussion of the conditions in Europe which he considers as important in establishing the Act of 1876 that brought all animal experimentation in England under legal supervision, while the ninth chapter is devoted to the views of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, at one time professor of surgery in Harvard University. These chapters represent the historical rather than the practical aspects of the question, and, moreover, add nothing of importance to the discussion of animal experimentation as practiced in this country at the present time. One example from this older literature must suffice to illustrate how in any controversy the words of one individual may be used to support the views of both sides to the controversy. Dr. Leffingwell quotes at length from the statements of Dr. Bigelow to show the horrors of vivisection and his opposition to it. Dr. Keen points out that Dr. Bigelow refers to European work of the early nineteenth century, and particularly to his experiences at the veterinary school at Alfort, France, and that later, as anæsthesia came into general use, Bigelow changed his point of view and expressed himself in favor of experiments on animals rendered insensible to pain by ether. These later views of Bigelow find no place in the thirteen pages which Dr. Leffingwell devotes to Bigelow's address of 1871.

The aspects of the problem at the present day are presented in the tenth and succeeding chapters. Dr. Leffingwell draws from the report of the Royal (English) Commission on Vivisection (1912) material to support his contentions concerning cruelty, abuse, and futility, and follows this with chapters on The Great Anæsthesia Delusion and Vivisection of To-day. The unbiassed reader, after perusing Dr. Leffingwell's extracts from the Royal Commission's report, may balance against them Dr. Keen's quotation from the same report:

> We desire to state that the harrowing description and illustrations of operations inflicted on animals, which are freely circulated by post, advertisement or otherwise, are in many cases calculated to mislead the public, so far as they suggest that the animals in question were not under an anæsthetic. To represent that animals subject to experiments in this country are wantonly tortured would, in our opinion, be absolutely false.

And so it goes. Dr. Leffingwell says: "Behind the locked and barred doors of the vivisection chamber, to which no man can gain admission unless known to be friendly to

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its practices, the vivisector of to-day challenges society to prove the existence of cruelty or abuse." In this connection Dr. Keen points out that in 1912 the Dean of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania at the time offered officially the freedom of the University laboratories to the local anti-vivisectionists, but none of them accepted the invitation.

In his discussion of possible legislation on the subject Dr. Leffingwell suggests (1) registration of experiments, (2) registration of laboratories, and (3) reports of experiments. Other chapters deal with the work of reform societies, unfair methods of controversy, research without vivisection, the future of vivisection and experiments on man. One of these chapters, that on "controversy," is exceedingly interesting in that three of the points at issue are statements made in some of Dr. Keen's essays reprinted in his book now under review. One of these refers to Dr. Keen's statement (Dr. Keen is not mentioned by name) that Lister, the father of antiseptic surgery, was forced by the English law to go to France in order to carry on certain experiments. As this is a potent argument against restriction as enforced in England, Dr. Leffingwell reproduces a letter from Lord Lister under date of 1910, in which the latter says that it is not strictly true that he was compelled to go to France, and explains that he might have obtained a license in London, but considered it more convenient to go to Toulouse. The kindly Lister apparently thus attempts to avoid an argument, for in the references given by Dr. Keen it is seen that in an address at the International Medical Congress, held at London in 1881, Lister states that certain experiments were "of a character such as it would have been difficult under the existing circumstances to perform in London, so I resorted to Toulouse." When writing to Dr. Leffingwell after a lapse of twenty-nine years, Lord Lister evidently forgot his earlier publication.

Other statements by Dr. Keen questioned by Dr. Leffingwell are those concerning the decrease in death-rate from tuberculosis and child-bed fever, which Dr. Keen attributes to the general recognition of the concrete truths of bacteriology as gained through animal experimentation. This divergence of opinion is largely a question of using different groups of statistics; for example, in puerperal fever, statistics of general mortality as contrasted with hospital statistics. A further point of interest concerning methods of controversy is Dr. Leffingwell's avoidance, in many instances, of the use of the name (Keen, Crile, etc.) of the individual criticised, and the failure, sometimes, to give original sources of publication. In striking contrast is Dr. Keen's scientific accuracy as regards original sources of information, and his straightforward reference by name to all antagonists. Apropos of this it may be mentioned that Dr. Keen was for a long time unable to locate an anti-vivisectionist physician writing under the name of Albert Tracy. The mystery was solved when it was discovered that Dr. Leffingwell's full name is given in Watson's "Physicians and Surgeons of America" as Albert Tracy Leffingwell, and that he had published his "Rambles through Japan without a Guide" under the name of "Albert Tracy." This use of a pseudonym, justifiable, of course, for a book on "Rambles," certainly has no place in a discussion of scientific matters.

Dr. Keen's general point of view has been shown in part by statements already quoted in opposition to Dr. Leffingwell's arguments. Only a small part of his book—the preface, two chapters on misstatements of the anti-vivisectionists, one on their exhibit, and one on the influence of anti-vivisection on character—is, however, given over to controversy. The larger part, nine chapters, is devoted to an exposition of advances in medicine, and particularly in surgical practice during the past fifty years, and represents the point of view of a busy, practical surgeon and teacher of surgery at various periods of his career. The extension of surgery to all parts of the body and to all its cavities, the development of new operations and new means of diagnosis as made possible by anæsthesia and asepsis, are sketched in a most interesting way. That asepsis owes to animal experimentation, guided by the science and art of bacteriology, its successful application is clearly shown. Detailed information is given concerning new measures of diagnosis, prophylaxis, and treatment, and statistics are presented showing the decrease in death-rate which has followed their successful application. The appeal of Dr. Keen's presentation lies in the fact that his active work in surgery began in 1862, when bacteriology, and therefore aseptic surgery, were unknown, and his narrative is thus necessarily that of one who, in that he has lived through the advances he describes, knows whereof he speaks.

The object which Dr. Keen doubtless has in mind in presenting these essays is admirably expressed in Dr. Charles W. Eliot's introduction:

> One must always remember that when, by a course of experiments on a few animals, a scientific discoverer arrives at a knowledge of the mode of transmission of a dangerous pestilence, at a new means of preventing the spread of a disease, or at a new medical or surgical treatment of a disease or a wound, the benefits of the discovery go on generation after generation, multiplying as they go. There lies an immense hope for the future! To propose that such a hope shall be blighted by stopping animal experimentation argues an extraordinary infatuation in the proposer.

It is a difficult task to cover the many aspects of the problems suggested by the leading questions in Dr. W. S. Bainbridge's book, "The Cancer Problem" (Macmillan; $4 net). "Is it contagious?" "May it be inherited?" "Is it caused by certain kinds of food?" "Is it influenced by environment?" "Can it be prevented?" "Can it be cured?" To answer these questions intelligently and honestly requires not only extensive training in clinical and operative technique, but, more particularly, a keen critical knowledge of all sides of practical and experimental work on cancer. Dr. Bainbridge presents a great many interesting sidelights and many statements of a reassuring nature, but without imparting the impression of philosophical sifting of evidence which alone carries conviction and which cannot be imparted by individual dicta. The usual surgeon's conclusion to use the knife early and thoroughly is often repeated; the matter of chronic irritation in the causation of cancer receives a prominent place, while attention is given to various "cancer cures" and non-surgical methods of treatment. The book is well got up; has an excellent table of contents and index, and a valuable general bibliography. It is not entirely uncomplimentary to speak of it as filled with the lore of cancer, but with little of the atmosphere of scientific authority without which no work on cancer can be convincing.

Drama

MR. WINTER'S SECOND VOLUME.

Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter. (Second Series.) New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

All students of the art of acting and of dramatic history will pray that William Winter may be able to complete the comprehensive chronicle of the Shakespearean stage of which this volume is the second instalment. It is an encyclopædic work, exhaustive of all important detail, fortified by facts and opinions selected with scholarly judgment from all the principal authorities, rich in sagacious comment and imaginative vigor and in the literary graces of which the poetic author is a master. Virtually, it contains the essence of all the best commentary upon the subjects with which it deals, and is a monument of conscientious and indefatigable industry. Not only will it be an indispensable addition to every theatrical library, but, within its prescribed limits, it will be, for all ordinary purposes, a sufficient library in itself.

The six plays under consideration are "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Julius Cæsar," and in all cases the same method is followed. Most of the available evidence concerning the source of the plot, the dates of composition and production, and the original performers is first given, and to this succeeds critical analysis of the intent, mood, and spirit of the play and of the psychology of the principal characters. There are accounts of all notable representations from the earliest times to the present day, supplemented by biographical and critical notices of the chief performers in successive casts; with added details of place, dates, scenery, and costumes, all spiced with illustrative and interesting anecdote taken from ancient records or the stores of memory. The whole is arranged in irreproachable order, and the reader is in doubt which to admire most, the immense and

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scrupulous labor involved in the sifting of so vast a mass of material; the discrimination displayed in disposing of the insignificant bulk, or the skill with which the residue is woven into a continuous fabric.

So much for the general scope and character of the work. As a convenient epitome of all pertinent facts in the development of the Shakespearean stage in England and this country, it is unrivalled, but it derives a peculiar value from the interpretative, descriptive, and analytical passages inspired by life-long study, critical acumen, and poetic sensibility. Mr. Winter has never written with more trenchant vigor, caustic humor, or eloquent fancy. His estimates of the famous players, male and female, of past generations are instructive, because based upon a comparison of contemporaneous opinions. Nearly all performers of consequence during the last sixty years have come under his own observation, and his "pen-and-ink sketches" of them are, in many cases, extraordinarily vital. In his delicate differentiation of their methods the range of his vocabulary is strikingly exemplified. With some of his final judgments, perhaps, some readers will not find themselves wholly in sympathy—thinking that he occasionally gives to achievement the credit properly due to intentions only—but the majority of them are eminently sound and judicious, and he always gives the reasons upon which they are based. It is not the purpose of this review—nor would it be possible within moderate limits—to discuss them. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.* In all questions of this kind personal predilection is almost inevitably influential. But in treating the plays themselves and their characters Mr. Winter speaks with indisputable authority.

Nothing could be saner than his attitude towards the whole vexed subject of Shakespearean representation. A devout and fervent worshipper of Shakespeare, the text is with him, of course, the prime matter for consideration. But he does not, for a moment, pretend that all of it is equally precious, and readily admits the necessity and expediency of "cuts," or beneficial transpositions, but he empties the vials of his contempt and wrath upon all venturing to tamper with the essential form and spirit. Faddists of all kinds he covers with ridicule, pointing out the manifest absurdity of any attempt at archæological accuracy, either of architecture or costume, in such plays as "Lear" or "As You Like It." Scenery, he holds, should be adequate and illusive; costumes attractive and reasonably appropriate. Upon so-called Elizabethan representations he looks askance, partly because we do not know much about original conditions, and partly because Shakespeare undoubtedly would have employed modern theatrical accessories if he could have got them. The subordination of the text and acting to mere pageantry is to him, naturally, abominable; but he is not averse to spectacle that enhances the effect of both without obscuring either. Here it may be well to record his deliberately expressed conviction—with which most veteran theatregoers will cordially agree—that the modern Shakespearean actor cannot be compared with those of the old school.

Some of the most delightful pages are those in which he expounds the characters of Viola, Rosalind, and Juliet. He is particularly happy in his depiction of the atmosphere of Arden and in his demolition of that preposterous phrase, "My child's father," instead of "My father's child," which some misguided critics would put into Rosalind's mouth. His analysis of Lear, whom he holds to have been mentally unbalanced before his first entrance, is exceedingly able, and his studies of Brutus, Cassius, Malvolio, Jaques, and Touchstone are marked by fine intelligence and sympathy. His characteristic and felicitous humor frequently crops out in contemptuous definition of bad acting, as when he remarks of an exceptionally vulgar embodiment of the bibulous knight in "Twelfth Night" that the player was all Belch and no Sir Toby. He is almost equally pungent in his references to manifestations of what is called the "modern spirit" in Shakespearean representation. In his preface he bluntly says that, in his experience, they have exhibited "ignorance, incompetence, and the contemptuous quest of notoriety by personal advertisement." The invariable pretence of charlatanism, he adds, is novelty, and the only novelty needed for the successful production of Shakespeare's plays is that of good acting. "I' faith, pilot, these be bitter words!" but who will deny that there is a large element of truth in them? Certain it is that this book, which every actor ought to read, is one long record of Shakespearean triumphs. It also explains them and shows how they may be repeated.

J. Ranken Towse.

"BEVERLY'S BALANCE."

It is hard to say why this dramatic trifle at the Lyceum Theatre is only mildly amusing. Mr. Paul Kester, the author, has an idea sufficiently droll for farcical comedy, such as this professes to be, and the piece is played with the right sort of flourish. Yet it lacks "go"; it never gets started, as it were, from the inside, being dependent at all times upon the author's fiat. Part of this lack is owing to faulty construction, but the absence of sparkling dialogue is equally responsible. In some fashion an author must provide his play with a dynamic element.

Watt Dinwiddie (Pedro de Cordoba), a young Southerner, who is trying to build up a law practice in New York, finds himself, in spite of his big talk of corporations, consolidations, and the like, without a client, and literally without a cent, and also with the prospect of being turned out of his office in a few hours. At this juncture enter his cousin Beverly (Miss Anglin) and his Aunt Maria Randolph; the latter's name is, of course, sufficient to indicate that they too are of proud Southern lineage. Beverly, who, until recently, had been singing in the choir of a fashionable church, has lost her voice, and has been reduced to entering the chorus of a musical comedy, under the name of Bobbie St. Ledger. But the reporters, realizing that some mystery lodges behind her fine face, have been hounding her to such an extent that she is forced to give up her position and now appeals for financial assistance to her supposedly prosperous cousin, Watt. Things look desperate until one of Watt's rich college friends, J. Courtland Redlaw (William Boyd), enters with the extraordinary proposal that Watt furnish him with a professional corespondent. Watt, of course, is indignant, and though he will have nothing to do with the plan, Beverly offers her services. It is arranged that Redlaw is to have dinner with her and her aunt two or three times a week, on condition that $467.36 be paid down immediately and $25,000 later. Meanwhile, rumor has plenty of opportunity to be busy. Word of the scandal even reaches Mrs. Redlaw in England, where she had hoped to marry a nobleman, and she comes packing back, to discover that she and Redlaw have loved each other all the time. Beverly herself has all along been in love with Watt, and he with her, but, diffident, he can get up his courage to propose only after Beverly has given him broad hints.

The part of Beverly is one which Miss Anglin takes to easily. It has charm, coquetry, and in moments a mingling of tears and laughter.

F.

Music

A REVIEW OF THE OPERA SEASON.

A year ago it would have seemed incredible that events could happen in consequence of which the Metropolitan in New York would be the only grand-opera company in the world able to carry out its plans for the season of 1914-15. It has not only carried them out, but has probably surpassed all previous records by giving, within twenty-four weeks (including next week at Atlanta, Ga.), no fewer than 185 performances, in addition to twenty-three Sunday night concerts. While the average attendance has not been as large as it would have been under normal conditions, the favorite operas, sung by star casts, drew as large audiences as the house could hold.

The season's most important feature was the revival of "Carmen." This masterwork of melody, which, throughout the last decade, has been sung more frequently than any other opera, not only in France but in Germany, was inexplicably neglected in New York for six years. At last Geraldine Farrar came to the rescue, emphatically refuting the notion that without Calvé it would not retain its hold on the public, even though Caruso were in the cast. Caruso was in the cast, and the audiences broke all records. After he left, "Carmen" continued to fill the auditorium. It has been sung oftener than any other opera—nine times altogether; a figure approached only by Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," of which, also, Miss Farrar has always been the heroine, and Verdi's "Aïda," each of which was sung eight times.

In consequence of the renewed popularity and profitableness of "Carmen" (which would have easily filled the house half-a-doz-

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en times more had the manager been willing to break the rule against presenting one opera twice to each set of subscribers), it is probable that more attention will be paid hereafter to French opera, although it is not likely that for lovers of it the happy days of Grau and Hammerstein will ever be brought back. Apart from "Carmen," only one genuine French opera was presented—Massenet's "Manon." "Les Huguenots," a Parisian opera by a Prussian Jew, was revived, but was sung in Italian. It is needless to say that the lion's share of the performances fell to Italian composers. Fifteen operas by Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Ponchielli, Montemezzi, Giordano, Mascagni, Leoni were sung seventy-seven times. Including Meyerbeer, the number of German composers on the list was seven, the others being Wagner, Weber, Strauss, Humperdinck, Mozart, and Beethoven. Their operas, together, were sung sixty-two times; for thirty-four of them Wagner was responsible. Wagner, indeed, was far ahead of Puccini, whose figure is twenty-four, and Verdi, who was heard twenty times. "Die Walküre" was sung seven times.

The management has reason to feel proud of its success with the revivals of Weber's "Euryanthe" and Beethoven's "Fidelio," two master-works which are insufficiently appreciated even in Germany, but each of which was given here five times to large and appreciative audiences. With the exception of "Euryanthe" and Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger," the German operas have been usually conducted, during the last thirteen years, by Alfred Hertz, who will not return next season. He will be greatly missed, his Wagnerian interpretations having been the best heard here since the days of Anton Seidl, with the exception of some of the performances under Mottl and Mahler. It is surmised that the Nibelung operas and "Parsifal" will next year be conducted by Arturo Toscanini, who has not shown himself an entirely satisfactory interpreter of the Wagnerian operas, "Tristan and Isolde" excepted. He has conducted Weber's masterwork, "Euryanthe," with a surprising appreciation of its romantic character and thoroughly German spirit; but he fails to bring out the true inwardness of Wagner's "Meistersinger" through a lack of elasticity in his tempi. He harbors the mistaken idea that vocal artists, no matter how famous, should be the obedient servants of the conductor, following his inexorable beat like so many flutes, horns, or trombones. Wagner himself held, on the contrary, that, provided the singers are real artists, the conductor should be simply their accompanist, watching their every breath for a necessary *ritardando*, and allowing them to give sway to their individual conceptions. It is to be feared that the directors of the Metropolitan have gone too far in their humoring of Toscanini's ideal.

The revival of Mascagni's "Iris" served two purposes. One was to show how much Mr. Toscanini can do with a commonplace score; the other, to give further proof of the extraordinary histrionic and vocal art of Lucrezia Bori, the most promising of the younger members of the company, who was also the heroine of "L'Oracolo," the rather absurd Italianized drama of Chinatown in San Francisco, which was one of the two novelties of the season, the other being Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne." This gave Geraldine Farrar a new opportunity to reveal her striking versatility. It is probable that Miss Bori will, during the first half of next season, assume some of the rôles of Puccini's operas heretofore monopolized by Miss Farrar, who will not join the company till February, having signed contracts for ten weeks with Campanini's Chicago Opera, and a concert tour, before her return to New York.

Miss Farrar is an American; Miss Bori is Spanish. In looking over the list of the leading women at the Metropolitan, one is surprised to note that not one of them is from Italy, the country which so long supplied the world with great prima donnas. The leading dramatic sopranos at the Metropolitan are Johanna Gadski, a Pole, and Emmy Destinn, a Bohemian. The German contingent, including Frieda Hempel, Margarethe Ober, Margarethe Matzenauer, and Melanie Kurt, is also of a very high order of merit. The last named, who is a pupil of Lilli Lehmann and much liked in Germany, is a genuine dramatic soprano, at her best in the Wagnerian operas. She was a newcomer this season; so was Johannes Sembach, whose tenor voice is one of the best Germany has produced in recent years. It is as a source of tenors that Italy holds her own. Caruso is still the incomparable idol of the public. Giovanni Martinelli has steadily grown in favor since last year, and he certainly has a splendid voice. So has the American, Riccardo Martin, who has not been featured during the past season as he deserves to be. In basses the Metropolitan is weak, with only Carl Braun and Andrea de Segurola conspicuous for merit; while the list of baritones includes the popular Pasquale Amato and two men who are greater even as actors than as singers, Otto Goritz and Antonio Scotti. With such artists as a nucleus, the prospects for next season seem bright.

HENRY T. FINCK.

At a recent symphony concert in Berlin, Richard Strauss conducted one of the less familiar of Liszt's symphonic poems, "Die Ideale." The correspondent of the *Musical Courier* writes *à propos:* "Strauss has always been fond of presenting the works of Liszt, for which he manifests a great admiration. And indeed Liszt's inspired musical translation of Schiller's wonderful poem, 'Die Ideale,' deserves to be known better, for it contains some of the most beautiful music Liszt ever wrote, music far superior to some of the popular symphonic poems. Hearing this composition, one is struck again with the fact that Wagner had one of his most copious sources in Liszt. From Liszt he learned modern technical proceedings in harmony, orchestral treatment, and there is little doubt that Liszt in many cases has been the real innovator, Wagner only the follower."

Art

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE.

The Art of Landscape Architecture. By Samuel Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Coming, as this book does, from the pen of the dean of American landscape architects, its pages can scarcely fail to be widely and attentively read. As the associate and life-long follower of Olmsted and Vaux, those great masters of the informal or natural school of landscape design, it is not surprising to find Mr. Parsons out of harmony with the present movement towards formalism in American park and garden making. With a courtesy that never fails, but with absolute singleness of aim and a high idealism, he seeks to check this rising tide of French and Italian influence, with its man-made models of straight avenues, formal parterres, and statuary, and instead urges us to follow nature as our guide. To support his cause he brings to bear a battery of quotations selected from the philosophers, poets, and landscape architects of the past. The book is indeed but a thread of narrative connecting these quotations, which are admirably selected, and by this device he makes without doubt one of the strongest and most convincing arguments for the naturalistic style yet published.

The translations from the writings of Prince Pückler will appeal particularly to American country gentlemen who may well follow the example of this singularly gifted nobleman who, by native good taste, aided by years of travel and observation, created at Muskau, in Silesia, one of the most beautiful estates in the world. The record of his work, which was published in German, is of the utmost value, but, unfortunately, no English edition has ever appeared, so that this book is almost unknown to American readers. Quotations from "The Observations on Modern Gardening," published by Thomas Whately in 1771, receive space second only to those from Prince Pückler's writings, and here again Mr. Parsons is covering ground unfamiliar to most readers, as this valuable book is rare and costly.

For the landscape architect, Mr. Parsons's book has the merit of being written by one who is looking back over a life full of professional activities, both public and private, and who has therefore acquired a perspective and can measure the accomplishments of the present by those of the past. He should be sought, however, for inspiration rather than for instruction, as no man can safely shut his eyes to the essential loveliness and appropriateness of a formal garden scheme in connection with a symmetrical colonial home or a French villa.

Admitting these limitations, the book will still take a high place for the forcible way in which the author presents his plea for naturalism and simplicity. Thus the extracts from the reports of Olmsted and Vaux to the Park Commissions of Central and Prospect

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Parks, New York, urging the supreme value of simple pastoral scenery for park landscapes, are as appropriate to-day as when they were first written forty years ago. "Practically what we most want is a simple, broad, open space of clear greensward, with sufficient play of surface and sufficient number of trees about it to supply a variety of light and shade. This we want as a central feature. We want depth of wood enough about it not only for comfort in hot weather, but to completely shut out the city from our landscapes."

The book also contains much practical advice on landscape gardening, separate chapters being given to such topics as roads, water, islands, rocks, grading, plantations, and maintenance, each in turn being treated in an interesting way. The illustrations, taken chiefly from parks and private estates near New York, are excellent.

Finance

PROGRESS OF A "WALL STREET BOOM"

To people who could disentangle the facts or indications of so chaotic a speculation as that which has been in progress on the Stock Exchange, two things were evident. The "outside public" of the speculative sort was infected with the mania. Professional Wall Street alternately fought the rise in prices, on the ground that the movement was precarious and unsound, and helped it along by vigorous buying of its own, on the ground that one should swim with the stream and not contend with an irresistible force.

Something more has been evident—of a nature which classified the movement among the various species of "bull markets." The appetite of the speculators, last week, was not for standard railway shares at exalted prices, as in 1901, nor for stocks of companies whose own financial exploits were known, as in 1905 and 1906. The high-grade and well-known stocks have advanced more or less substantially, but they were not at all the focus of speculative interest. This converged unmistakably on low-priced stocks; on stocks of unknown merits; on stocks, the very lack of information regarding which made them ready subjects for "rumor."

A speculative mania being always, after a given point, a matter of imagination rather than intrinsic values, something that will touch the imagination is essential to keep it going. In 1901 the part was played by the carefully instilled idea that every railway in the country was buying up all the rest. Much longer ago, the Mississippi bubble and the South Sea mania rose on the untold riches of the Great River and the Antipodes, which the new joint-stock companies were to exploit.

The point of primary importance is that, in some case or in some degree, the prediction must be fulfilled. Some railways must buy up some others at a fancy price; somebody must get rich in the Gulf of Mexico and the Australasian Sea. In the present week's speculation, the imagination is appealed to by the "war orders."

That there have been lucrative "war orders" was proved by Bethlehem Steel's increase of $21,000,000 in its formal report, two weeks ago, of unfilled contracts at the end of 1914. The recent advance of 70 points in the stock, within ten days, was due to the play of popular imagination on the possible increase since December. American Locomotive's rise of 18½ points between Thursday's close and Friday's opening was due to reports that the company had captured a $65,000,000 Russian "war order."

The company's officers ridiculed the figure, but admitted the placing of an order and refused to name its size. This was enough for Wall Street and "the public," who at once conferred a $50,000,000 order on another company, regardless of its president's laughing protest that he was looking for orders, but had not booked a dollar. Stocks of nearly all other locomotive, car, and electric companies were put up 5 to 15 points because they might get "war orders."

Is there danger in such a speculation, or not? This is the question which even Wall Street has lately been putting to itself. The usual hazards of a movement of this kind are sudden tightening of the money market, enormous foreign liquidation, and excessive promotion of new securities, to take advantage of the outside public's appetite. This year, owing mainly to our new banking and currency system, there is as yet no apprehension regarding money. European liquidation has already been very large; it was regarded with complacency. Issue of new securities for home corporations, old or new, has thus far been almost blocked by uncertainty concerning the war. What, then, remains to trip up the market?

That question has been asked before in Wall Street's history, under closely similar circumstances, and has been answered. In 1899, the country was emerging from hard times, out of which the people's retrenchment and the enormously profitable wheat crops of 1897 and 1898 had pulled us. Distrusting the old and standard railways—many of which had been wrecked in 1893 and were not yet fairly on their feet again—the "outside public's" speculation, when it did begin, converged, as it has done this month, on the low-priced industrial shares.

The "bull market" of 1899 began in January, when "million-share days" became familiar, for the first time in Wall Street's history. In March, it suddenly converged on the "new industrials." Advances of 15 and 20 points within two weeks were so numerous as to be commonplace. Brooklyn Rapid Transit made its spectacular rise of 47 points, Metropolitan Street Railway of 34. That was the period when Gov. Flower used to invite an admiring outside public to buy "A. O. T."—Wall Street's humorous abbreviation, in the style of the "stock ticker," of the then familiar phrase, Any Old Thing—and the public enthusiastically accepted the advice.

Every one soon began to ask, defiantly, What is there that can stop the bull market? Certainly, nobody guessed beforehand what was destined to stop it. The Secretary of the Treasury, on no less an occasion than a dinner given by a New York bank, made a few remarks on the dangers surrounding the hasty exploiting of new industrial concerns, and a high call money rate on a single day—due to the blunder of a brokerage house in forgetting to provide for its regular needs in time—called the turn at the moment it was least expected. "Federal Steel" broke 17 points in four days, "National Steel" 18, Brooklyn Rapid Transit 30, and Metropolitan Street Railway 33.

Supported, after this resounding crash, by sufficiently interested persons, prices began to move up enthusiastically again; when in May, with the sudden death of Gov. Flower, its chief promoter was taken from the boom, and an even worse collapse ensued, which ended the chapter of "industrial" speculation. Not very many weeks later, England went to war with the Transvaal states, with results of considerable interest to the markets of all the world, including Wall Street. It will thus be seen that in 1899, as always in "bull markets" (even in that of 1901), it was the unexpected which put an end to the performance. But the two weeks in which speculation raged at fever-heat were a joyous period.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bennett, A. The City of Pleasure. Doran. 50 cents net.
Buckrose, J. E. Spray on the Windows. Doran. $1.25 net.
Childers, E. The Riddle of the Sands. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Dwyer, J. F. Breath of the Jungle. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Ferris, E. E. The Business Adventure of Billy Thomas. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Foster, D. S. The Kidnapped Damosel. The Franklin Book Co.
Gray, M. A. Like Unto a Merchant. Benziger. $1.35 net.
Miller, E. Daybreak. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Moore, L. The Jester. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Seltzer, C. A. The Boss of the Lazy Y. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Stratz, R. His English Wife. Longmans, Green. $1.35 net.
Stuart, R. McE. The Cocoon. Hearst International Library Co. $1 net.
Westcott, F. N. Hepsey Burke. New York: The H. K. Fly Company. $1.35 net.
Zola, E. Abbé Mouret's Transgression. The Marion Co. $1.25 net.
Zola, E. The Dramshop. Edited by E. A. Vizetelly. The Marion Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bury, G. W. Arabia Infelix, or The Turks in Yamen. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Cleveland, G. A. Maine in Verse and Story. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Forbush, W. B. The Boy Problem in the Home. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Guillaume, J. Karl Marx Pangermaniste et l'Association internationale des Travailleurs, de 1864 à 1870. France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Holborn, I. B. S. The Need for Art in Life. N. Y.: G. Arnold Shaw. 75 cents net.

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Howard, K. The Book of the Serpent. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Knox, M., and Lütkenhaus, A.M. Plays for School Children. Century. $1.25 net.
Lee's Guide to the Game of Draughts. Revised and Extended by John W. Dawson. New York: F. Warne & Co. 50 cents net.
McCormick, P. J. History of Education. Washington, D. C.: The Catholic Education Press.
Marks, J. Early English Hero Tales. Harper. 50 cents net.
Matthews, A. The Term Pilgrim Fathers. Reprinted from the publications of the Colonial Society of Mass. Vol. XVII. Cambridge, Mass.: John Wilson & Son.
Sharp, G. City Life and its Amelioration. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Smith, H. H. Publicity and Progress. Doran. $1 net.
Sollas, W. J. Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives. Second edition. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
The Field of Social Service. Edited by P. Davis. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.
Verrill, A. H. The Boy's Outdoor Vacation Book. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Year Book of The Pennsylvania Society. Edited by Barr Ferree. New York: The Pennsylvania Society.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Driver, S. R. The Ideals of the Prophets. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Philip, A. Essays Towards a Theory of Knowledge. Dutton.
Strong, J. The New World-Religion. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hayes, H. V. Public Utilities: Their Fair Present Value and Return. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Peace Episodes on the Niagara. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Historical Society.
Toulmin, H. A., jr. The City Manager. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Tucker, H. St. G. Limitations on the Treaty-Making Power. Boston: Little, Brown. $5 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Abel, A. H. The Slaveholding Indians. Cleveland, Ohio: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Angell, N. America and the New World-State. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Bédier, J. German Atrocities. Translated by Bernard Harrison. France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Clarke, M. E. Paris Waits. 1914. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Dawbarn, C. Makers of New France. James Pott Co. $2.50 net.
Durkheim, E. and Dennis, E. Who Wanted War? Translated by A. M. Wilson-Garinei. France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Garrison, F. H. John Shaw Billings. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Goudert, F. R., and Others. Why Europe is at War. Putnam. $1 net.
Magnus, L. The Third Great War. 1914-15. Putnam. $1 net.
Rohrbach, P. Germany's Isolation. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Sutcliffe, A. C. Robert Fulton. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

POETRY.

Battle Poems and Patriotic Verses. Hearst International Library Company. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Brackett, C. W. Jocelyn. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

JUVENILE.

Craigie, M. E. The Charmed Spectacles. Boston: Badger. 60 cents net.
Jonckheere, Robert. When I Was a Boy in Belgium. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

TEXTBOOKS.

Calhoun, M. E., and MacAlarney, E. L. Readings from American Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.40 net.
Center, A. S. Selected Letters. Merrill's English Texts. Chicago: Merrill.
Gardner, E. H. Effective Business Letters. Ronald Press.
Perry, A. C. Discipline as a School Problem. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Spiers, I. H. B. Les Oberlé, par René Bazin. Heath. 50 cents net.
Super, O. B. Vingt Ans Après, par Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Ginn.
Thomas, C. Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. New edition, revised. Holt.

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